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WALTER RUSSELL

BERYL
Little Miss Mischief

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

Text and Pictures by
WALTER RUSSELL .

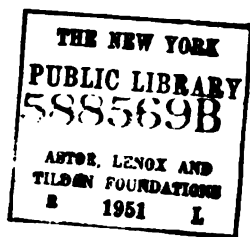
AUTHOR OF "THE SEA CHILDREN"



NEW YORK
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DEDICATION

THE purport of this book is not to tell to "grown-ups" how to mould the lives of little ones, but how the little ones mould the lives of "grown-ups." If the nature of these blossoms in the gardens of the world were better understood by those who have them in their care, they would be more wisely pruned ; and their glow



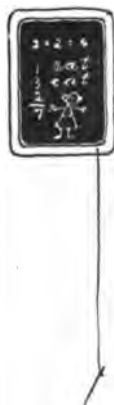


THE BENDING OF THE TWIG



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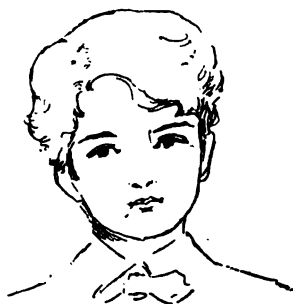
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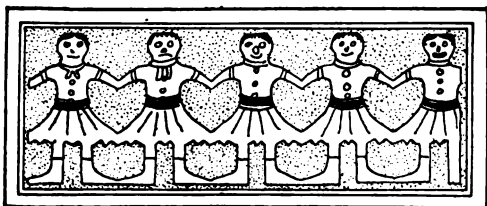
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of warmth and color would dim the world that lies beyond the walls wherein they grow. And as they grow their leaves and blooms would form a barrier between the world and him who lives within their midst, and make for him a place in which his soul could find the rest and joy and peace which none but children know. So to the blooms of all the gardens in this world, with love, the author dedicates these lines.

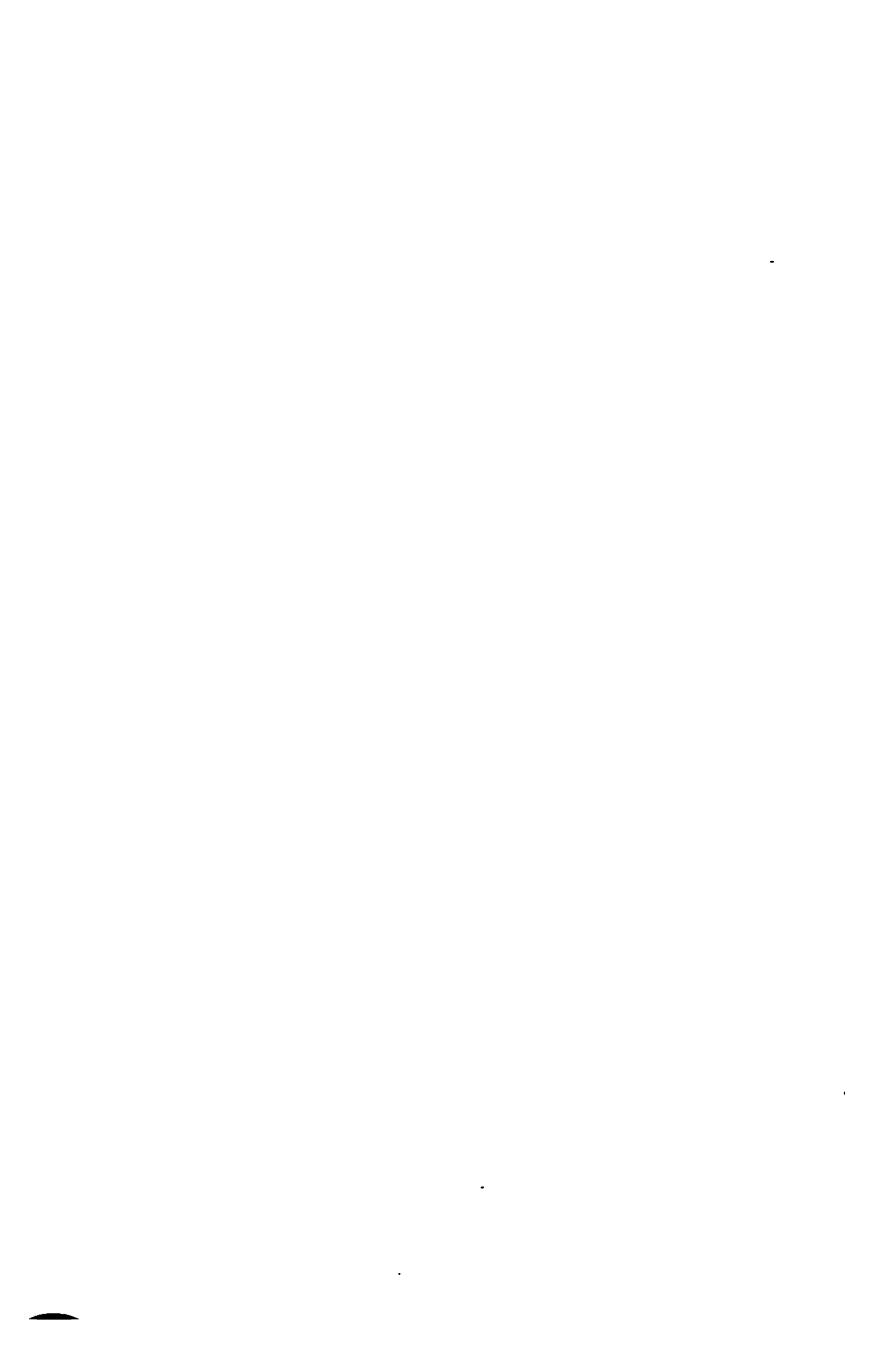




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CHAPTER I

THE COMING OF THE STORK





WORSHIPPING AT THE SHRINE OF THEIR FIRST-BORN

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

CHAPTER I

THE COMING OF THE STORK

I TIP-TOED 'cross the threshold which divided Earth from Heaven, and closed the door upon the World from which I came.

A flood of golden light revealed to me the souls of James and Edith in sweet communion with each other, and a little soul that nestled close to Edith's breast.

I paused. So late of Earth I dared not venture further.

But they who were of Heaven looked deep into my eyes and called my name in tones I knew as theirs and yet not theirs. It was as though a million silver strings had taken up the echo of my name which sprang from James' and Edith's lips in



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

glad surprise, and made of it a melody that one on Earth could never hear, so fine was it.

And as they looked into my eyes and called my name, my soul responded, coming forth into the light from out the flesh in which it had been kept too long a prisoner in the dark.

I looked into their eyes and understood.

And then I spoke to them: "I would see the little soul that came to-day," I said, and as I spoke I came into the glory of the light which haloed them, and saw within its glow the Gift of Love which came into their lives and lifted them from Earth to know henceforth the joys of Heaven.

And as I looked I too was lifted up.

I said, "Oh, Edith, now I know why
painters strive to picture





CONTEMPLATION

THE COMING OF THE STORK

Love and Motherhood, and why so many fail and few succeed; why poets love to write of souls and heavenly things which are not understood by those of Earth.

“For, as I look into thy face, I see the soul of Edith whom I knew, as flesh, illumined by the light of Love, which painters see and poets know.

“And seeing it I needs must spend my life, when I am flesh again, in painting that which I have seen in this brief space while I am soul, that I may lift myself and others to the realms where flesh is naught and soul is all.

“Or I must put in soulful words that which I have seen and felt with thee and James and this pink mite which brought us here to Purity, the place where Love abides, the place which Earth calls Heaven.

“And as I look into thine eyes, friend James, I see a light that was not there when yesterday we met upon the little shrivelled Earth which swings in space outside our realm.



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

“And as this little pure white soul entwines itself around my heart, I see that He who planned the Universe and Man, planned Perfect Man a Child, and Child a Soul, and Soul again the Universe, which is all Love.”



CHAPTER II

WANDERING IN FAIRYLAND



CHAPTER II

WANDERING IN FAIRYLAND

DO you remember that passage in Matthew, dear, which reads: "Unless ye become as little children ye can not enter the kingdom of heaven"? I have seen heaven to-day, for I have been a little child with our child, and looked at the old world through a young child's eyes. Lay aside your book and I will tell you about it, and of our glorious walk through vast and boundless forests in which all nature communed with us and we with it,—forests which opened here and there upon the gray granite walls and turrets of robber barons' castles, abandoned long ago to the wood-nymphs and the elves and the bats and the other creatures

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

of the wood, and to the nixies and the water-elves and water-fairies from the green mist-capped pools which wound tortuously about their foundations. Forests in which for generations no hunter has disturbed the furred and feathered creatures of nature that scampered fearlessly about and perched upon our shoulders, or flew in and out among the trees, making the world and our hearts ring with melody. Forests of Eden in which even the occasional distant roar of the lion, or laugh of the hyena, formed notes in a grand melody for our uplifting; in which fear was unknown; in which — Was it a dream? No, indeed, Central Park, — just our own Central Park. That is where we wandered to-day, Helen and I, as children in fairyland.

No sooner had we passed within its walls than the world of reality was shut out, and the world of beautiful imaginings opened itself before us. Her imagination made of me a prince, and of herself a princess. I was a king, she a





HELEN

The Wonderful New Muff

WANDERING IN FAIRYLAND

peasant or a queen, as she willed. I was the "weird Magician," she an owl, or a rabbit, or a gold-fish that talked, or an angel that dispelled my magic. I was a mortal, she a fairy living in a little yellow flower. You should have seen her pluck the little bud and hold it up in front of her face, really believing it was her dwelling, and heard her tell me in a wee voice that she would change me to a fairy so I could hear the flowers talk, and take me with her to learn all the secrets of the flowers. And I went with her upon the most delightful journey I ever took. With her fairy hand in mine we skipped from grass blade to grass blade into the land where flowers talk, and she, a flower princess, spoke to them, and they answered in the same wee voice, while I listened, enchanted by the beauty of it all.

What rest and pleasure to step into the child-world! the world of nature of which "grown-ups" know only the outside, and love that—not knowing that their children can open up to them its heart, its soul. Think of the innocence



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

and purity of a little mind that asked the flowers in all seriousness if they wished to send any message back to grown-up people by me when I became papa again ; and then listened for an answer, and heard it, actually heard the flowers request that I should tell grown-up people to put flowers in water always when they gathered them, so they would not droop and die ; and I promised, in all seriousness I promised, forgetting, almost, that we were playing "make-believe."

From flower-land we went to the land of squirrels. We had a pocket full of nuts for the bushy tails ; and soon they surrounded us. The same old fellow that Helen tamed a year ago came and sat on her shoulder, and ate peanuts from her hand ; and she told him how squirrels happened to have bushy tails, and why his front legs were so short ; and I have no doubt but that the squirrel understood her ; for he seemed so pleased with her, or with what she said, or with both, that, when we left squirrel-land, he followed us almost to the Rocky Mountains.



WALTER RUSSELL

LILLIAN

She does not wish to pose for a Sketch



WANDERING IN FAIRYLAND

Helen would not allow him to cross the great plain, where thousands of trampling feet made it a most dangerous place for bushy tails, so she emptied all the peanuts in one pile under a tree, and left him there to hide them, for he could eat no more.

We spent days and days in the Rocky Mountains, and had all kinds of adventures, and told each other many stories. I was a bear and she was a hunter for a while, — not long, though, for her vivid imagination made me so much a “really truly” bear that she became frightened, and changed herself into a baby bear, telling me that I must cuff her ears just as papa bears cuffed baby bears’ ears when they did not mind. And I did cuff them, and she squealed so long and loudly that I had to pacify my cub by finding a lot of old jam tins for her to lick out.

We found a cave to live in, a great dark cave that sat deep in the hollow between two mountains, a cave which her imagination made so dark and sombre and tortuous that we lost our way in its



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

gloomy corridors, where great bats flapped past us, fanning the damp air of the place into a wind that whistled weirdly among the stalactites overhead. Afraid? Oh, no, indeed not! She was a cub, and I was a bear, and bears are not supposed to fear bats or darkness. But we were a little afraid when we played we were people lost in the cave. That was quite another matter. We were in great despair, and Helen was growing so desperately hungry that she cried, when, suddenly, while exploring the deepest recesses of this great cave, a brilliant red star peeked through the opening and reflected itself in a shower of dots in a running stream at our feet — and we knew that we were saved. Helen stopped crying then, and laughed and danced joyously, asking if that star was not Aldebaran chasing the six little eyes across the heavens. (Her pet story of Aldebaran and the Pleiades, you remember.) What an imagination to evolve stars from that gas light and its reflections! Her imagination is a great garden in which the



KATHERINE

A little Snow Maid



WANDERING IN FAIRYLAND

flowers are questions; and the variety of flowers in this garden is astonishing. Oh, the many I answered!

“Why don’t tigers eat peanuts, Papa?”

“Why don’t caterpillars have long legs so that they can walk instead of wiggle, Papa? And what makes them turn into butterflies, Papa? And why do they have long legs after they have become butterflies, when they do not need them half as much as when they are caterpillars?”

“Do rabbits have a Heavenly Father, too, Papa? And why can’t they climb trees to get away from naughty doggies, as the squirrels do?”

Think of answering such questions intelligently and simply enough to satisfy the demands of childhood, and truthfully enough to encourage the reasoning and imaginative faculties! And one must be truthful always with a child, or trouble is inevitable; for the child will follow up a question with others until it has reached an intelligent and satisfactory conclusion, unless the reasoning process



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

leads it so deep that the mind becomes tired and throws it off.

She asked, for instance, "Why do ducks stand on their heads in the water?" I gave the most simple answer possible: "They are feeding." This started a train of thoughts which led to a logical question: "Upon fishes, Papa?" I told her what ducks eat, and that they did not eat fishes, and expressed my doubts about there being any fish in that pond. Again the inevitable "Why?" "Because of so much mud, dear," I responded. Then she asked: "Do mud puppies like those at the 'quarium live there?" and I told her no, which brought out another "Why?" "Because mud puppies live in salt water like that in the ocean," I explained. Then after two seconds she suggested that we bring pockets full of salt over, so that the mud puppies could live there. And I told her it would take a hundred wagon-loads or more. This chain of questions might have had no ending if something else of interest, with more "Whys?" in it, had not suggested itself.



BARBARA

Queen Supreme in her Domain



WANDERING IN FAIRYLAND

We ran a race down a mountain side, and leaped over a grill that had been set in the lava which a volcano had poured out in a stream (a "cement walk" in the language of grown-ups). "What is that for, Papa?" she asked. I explained that it was a place where water ran down. "Where does it go?" "To the ocean," I answered. "Well, let us put our ears down and listen to hear the ocean roar, as it does in a sea-shell, Papa," she suggested; and we listened very attentively, and did hear a trickling of water in the distance, but not like the noise in a sea-shell.



And then the stories; old ones and new ones, quoted ones and original ones, stories without end. We have an agreement with each other that I find is of great help in developing her imagination. She is always to tell me a story in exchange for one of mine. No matter how brief or how irrational, it is her story, and it helps me to know her mind, and to watch her development psychologically; and that helps a parent, too; helps

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

keep alive the imaginative faculty which forever strives to release itself from adults in favor of practical and real things. She told one rather remarkable story that was pure invention. I know that she "made it up" herself, by the way she told it. She had asked me why ducks have short necks and yellow feet and bills, while swans have long necks, with black feet and bills. Sometime after my futile attempts at answering these questions she said, "Papa, do you know how swans came to be swans?" I think I must have looked puzzled, as though searching my mind for an intelligent answer, for she said: "It's a story, Papa. I'll tell you all about it. Once — not once upon a time, Papa, just plain once — there was a duck. He was just a real ord—ordinary duck, all white as white paint except his yellow legs and bill. Well, once he stepped into some black mud to get some black pudding which he saw through a fence, Papa. Well, when he put his head over the fence — no, his neck was too short — he put his head *through* the



MARJORIE
The Little Mother



WANDERING IN FAIRYLAND

fence, just between two boards, and ate all the black pudding. Now that was naughty, Papa, because the pudding belonged to a man. So of course the duck had to be punished, and he punished himself by getting his head caught in the fence. He tried to pull it out, and pulled, and *pulled*, and PULLED till his neck stretched out long ; and he flapped, and *flapped*, and FLAPPED his wings till they grew big ; and his feet went down in the mud deeper and deeper all the time. After a long, long time he got his head out and his feet loose, and went to the water and looked in ; and what do you suppose he saw ? ”

“Give up,” I answered.

“He saw that his neck was very long, and that his bill and feet were black, — and he was a swan. And there have been swans ever since, Papa.”

I expressed my pleasure over this story so emphatically that she told it three times, each time improving upon it considerably. By that time we had arrived at our door. We are going again this

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

afternoon, after her nap. We are going to be Vikings, and sail the seas in hopes of exploring new countries ; and if we fail to find them we are going to be wild pirates.





HELEN

A Nap with Pussy after the Morning Walk

CHAPTER III

A CHAT WITH ARTHUR



CHAPTER III

A CHAT WITH ARTHUR

SAY! don't you think turtles on a log are just exciting? You want to get them, don't you? I do, anyway. Oh, I just can't help wanting to. Do you know how I get them? I just crawl up awful quiet, so they won't jump off, and put my fish-pole out just as slow as this, and there's a piece of red flannel on the hook (you know they like red flannel)—why do they?—oh, I don't know why, but they just do, that's all; and frogs do too. Perhaps it's because it's red and excites them the way bulls are excited. Don't you *ever* catch frogs with red flannel? Never? Gee! I wouldn't be a man for anything. I wish I *never* was going to be a man, because they don't have any fun at all.



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

They just sell things. That's no fun. When I grow up I'm never going to sell things at all. I'm going to have fun: go fishing, and play ball, and robbers, and policeman, and — oh, everything that's fun. Robbers and policeman is just great fun. They are n't truly robbers nor truly policemen, but that doesn't matter. The lasso is a truly one, though, because papa got it in Mexico. A real truly cowboy gave it to him, and we ap-ap-pro-pi-ated it. If you want me to, I will show you how to play it.

But let me tell you how I catch turtles first. Pretty soon, if he does n't get scared and jump off the log, he eats the flannel, and of course the hook sticks in him, and I give the pole a jerk way up, and I get him and take the hook out of his mouth. Then do you know what I do? You better pay attention, now, so you will know how to keep turtles from running away from you while you're catching others — if you don't have any box to put them in. Now this is what you do. Just look first and see if he is



A CHAT WITH ARTHUR

a snapping turtle, and if he is, don't touch him near his head, because he will bite you, and if he isn't you can touch him anywhere and turn him over on his back; then he can't do anything but wiggle his legs around like those magic turtles in little glass boxes that you buy for five cents. But you mustn't forget he's there and go away, for that's cruelty, you know, and he would die.

We never left them that way but once, and that was because Mortie wanted to paint things on their shells the way they do big turtles in the South Sea Islands. Did you ever hear about that? You know people have caught big turtles down there, or up there, or wherever it is, with hi-heiro-glyfics and those other things—symboles I think you call them—carved on their shells, and that shows that the turtle is older than ten men put together. Well, we tried to carve our initials on them, but the shells were too hard and—oh, no, it didn't hurt, they don't care a bit, not even when they're hooked. Papa says it's because



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

they have sluggish blood: that means slow blood, you know. Anyway, if it did hurt them I think they ought to shriek, so we would know it, don't you think they should? Because, you know, turtles are animals half the time, and fishes the other half, and animals can shriek, or squeal, or grunt, or chirp according to what kind of an animal he is.

Now what was I telling you about? Oh, I know. Well, when we came back, the turtles were all there on their backs where we had left them, and we painted all sorts of things on them: our initials, and "S. C." for "Saturday Club," and we had grandpa's flag and the N. Y. Yacht Club flag on one, and grandpa's yacht, the "Felicia," on another, and I painted "You are a lobster" on one, and lots of things. Then we let them all go and waited a whole week before we came back and caught them again, and what do you think? it was all washed off because we used water colors. Then we thought of a good idea. We know an



• WALTER RUSSELL •

1 9 0 3

ARTHUR

Vice-President of the Saturday Club

A CHAT WITH ARTHUR

artist ; so we turned them on their backs and skivered up to the artist's house and got a lot of his oil paints, and then the paint never came off at all. If you want to prove it, you go over to that pond and you will see pink and yellow turtles sitting in the sun, and Russian and French and Chinese flags painted on some others.

I caught one last week and brought it home to show Patrick, and left it on the walk just where my pony could see it as he came along, and do you know he shied and broke the shaft. I guess he never saw a pink turtle before. Patrick never did, either, for what do you suppose he asked me? He asked me if it was a coral insect. Patrick's kind of funny, anyway. That's because he's Irish, you know. I asked papa why Irishmen were funnier than white men. I don't mean white men, either, because Irishmen are white like ourselves, but you know what I mean. Papa said all Irishmen are funny because they are born with bigger funny-bones than ours are, and that makes them funny.



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

I guess that is true, because I went and asked Patrick to roll up his coat sleeve so I could see his elbow, and, do you know, it was all lumpy where his funny-bone was, and mine is n't lumpy at all. So you see he can't help being funny. Oh, say! I will tell you something about Patrick. You have got to look out for him or he'll fool you. He fools me lots of times, and once — once, you know — he got me scared to death. I'll tell you how he did it. It was at the Saturday Club, when we were having our luncheon. There was a whole box of Nabisco wafers left over, and I just *love* them. You know what those are. What, you don't! Well, they're a kind of sponge-cakey cracker that does n't do you any good to eat, because you eat them with ice-cream, and you know when you get to ice-cream you aren't hungry. I could eat a million of them, I think. Well, anyway, I ate that whole box of Nabiscos, and Patrick told me that Nabiscos were like dried apples, and he knew a boy who ate lots and lots of dried apples, then he



MORTIMER

Dreaming Day Dreams



A CHAT WITH ARTHUR

got thirsty, because they make you thirsty, you know, so he drank a lot of water, and in two hours he was as big as a balloon, and could n't get through a door. Now was n't that terrible?

I just got scared to death, because I had just drank a lot of water myself. Then do you know what he did, which was worse? He measured me with a string and said I had already commenced to swell; then he ran as hard as he could to the telephone and he made believe call up our doctor (but I didn't know he was making believe, though), and he told him all about what I had done, and I got scareder and scareder, because he talked so excited like. Well, then he told me to stay just where I was and he would get some medicine that the doctor ordered me to take. I waited, and do you know I believed him all the time; so when he came up the kitchen stairs with a spoon in his hand, and said, "Take this, take this!" I swallowed it without stopping to think, and *what* do you suppose it was? just dirty, nasty



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

vinegar. Then he laughed, and I knew he was fooling me.

But did n't I get square on him, though? Well, I guess I just did! I'll tell you if you won't tell him, because part of it he has n't found out yet. He has n't found out about the eggs, and won't he be mad about them, though? He went way down to East Hampton for a hundred eggs to put under some hens, and I let hot water run through the basket till those eggs got pretty well boiled, I guess, and now he is watching for them to hatch. Won't he be surprised, though? I did some other things to him too. Don't you tell, will you, but I poured glue in his rubber boots, and made his feet all sticky, and I mixed his seeds up, and a lot of other things, but he made believe he did n't care. I know he did, though. He made believe that to cheat me out of my fun, but I had my fun just the same.

Have you ever seen Patrick play baseball — you have n't? — Well, he is the best baseball player that you ever saw in your life, — I mean except those you pay



QUENTIN

On Guard



A CHAT WITH ARTHUR

fifty cents to see. Of course they're different; they *have* to play better, or people would n't pay fifty cents to see them. Papa can play a little better than Patrick, but not much, and Dr. Longlegs can play nearly as good as Patrick, but he knows all the rules better than any of us. That is why we asked him to be baseball umpire of the Saturday Club. He's pretty nice, I think. Dr. Longlegs is n't his real name, you know, that's only a nickname. He is a minister in Brooklyn, but really, you would never know he was a minister, because he plays and laughs like real people, and does n't wear funny church clothes.

The reason we call him Longlegs is because he is so tall and runs so fast; but really I should n't have called him Dr. Longlegs at all. Mamma says I must n't, but I forget. Anyway, he does n't care; he laughs when we call him that, and once he told us that Archie Roosevelt invented that name for him when he took him up in the Washington monument. He walked him up instead



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

of taking the elevator, you know, and Archie had to run all the way up to keep up to him, so he named him that. You know Archie is a member of our Saturday Club, too, only he very seldom comes, because he lives in Washington, but once all the boy members went down there, and we had the best time anybody could have.

I'll tell you one thing we did that I liked. It was a new game: Indians. That's what it was. One man was a white man, and all the rest were Indians. I was an Indian, and we all had feathers on our heads, and carried spears, and bows and arrows, and, say! the funniest part of the game was, we all had our faces painted, — with water colors, of course, so we could wash it off in the pond. Oh, we looked dreadfuller than anything you ever saw in your whole born days, and we chased a white man all around till he was captured. Then we scalped him and burned him at the stake, and before he was dead, we pretended we did n't notice what he was doing, and he cut his bonds and escaped.



HÉLÈNE

In Life's Garden there blooms no Surer Flower

A CHAT WITH ARTHUR

Then we had all the fun over again. That's a bully game. I did n't get tired of playing it, even when we had him scalped and burned a dozen times. We tried playing it in the Saturday Club once, but the girls would n't let us paint their faces, so of course we could n't play it. Girls won't play anything that's real fun, anyhow. I don't see why we have girls in the club at all. You're never even sure that they will come. They go to parties, or have their photographs taken, or something, and they always have their nurses, and we don't like nurses around. I guess I'll make a rule not to have any girls in it next year. You see I can make a rule because I am one of the officers of the club. Did you know that I was vice-president? But three others have to vote just the same way I do, or it would n't be a rule. We have made lots of rules that way, and some are very funny. One that I made myself, I think is the funniest of all. It's about ice-cream.

Some of the members eat so much that we *had* to make a rule, and I said any

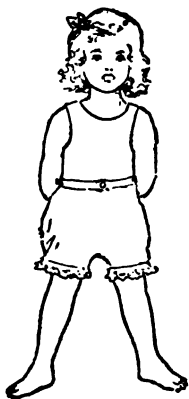


THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

member eating more than fourteen plates of ice-cream would be fined twenty-five cents, and what do you think, not one of us has been fined for breaking that rule. I tried to break it myself, but I really couldn't eat more than five, and that tickled George Hard most to death, because he was watching me, and when I had to stop, he hollered "April Fool! Did you *ever* get left?" But I didn't care because I got a better April Fool on him than that.

Say! Do you know, that — makes — me — think. I n-e-a-r-l-y got shot on April Fool's Day. What do you think I did?

You see I did n't want papa to fool me first in the morning, because you know he writes "April Fool" on a big piece of paper and puts it on our door so we will see it in the morning first thing. Well, I thought of a plan, so I got up at four o'clock in the morning, when it wasn't even daylight. It was just *awful* dark, and I had to feel round for the door to mamma's room.





MORTIMER

Secretary of the Saturday Club

A CHAT WITH ARTHUR

I opened the door and sneaked in quiet as a mouse, and something fell right on my head and scared me so I nearly screamed. I think it was an overcoat. Anyhow, I was n't in mamma's room at all, but just in our closet. Well, then I got into mamma's room for sure, and I had lots of pieces of paper in my hands to fill papa's pockets with, and "April Fool" was written on them. Don't you think that was a good trick?



Well, I guess mamma heard me, for she moved, and I moused so she could go to sleep again, you know, but she did n't. She said, quiet like, "Arthur, is that you?" but you bet I was n't going to lose my fun, so I kept on mousing. Then she said, awful loud, "*Arthur! is that you?*" Then I got kind of scared, and said, "Yes, Mamma." Then papa turned on all the lights so suddenly that it made me knock a bottle of Hygeia water on the floor, and it smashed into a million, million pieces, and splashed all over me. And then what do you think papa said? "April Fool! ah — ha, young feller, I got

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

it first on you, after all ;” but I said, “ Oh, no, you did n’t, it’s on you because you have to pay for the Hygeia water, and that broke before you said ‘ April Fool.’ ” So did n’t I get the best of it, after all ?

Then you know after that papa said, “ Come here, young man, I want to talk to you.” He said that without laughing, and that made me feel queer. Well, anyhow, I crawled up on his bed, and he took his hand out from under the clothes, and — *what do you suppose he had in it ? A revolver.* Not a play one, either, but a real truly one with six bullets in it, that could go off and shoot and kill you. I know, ’cause he showed them to me. Do you know what he thought ? He thought I was a burglar, and that’s what he keeps the revolver under his pillow for, and he talked to me so serious, that I’ll never sneak into his room in the dark, unless I beat a drum at the same time. But I got so scared that papa let me sleep in his bed the rest of the night, and Mortie was the only one who got fooled with



KATHERINE

The Young Equestrienne

A CHAT WITH ARTHUR

the signs on the door ; but he got square by having tissue paper put in grandpa's om'lette instead of herbs, so he didn't care. But really, don't you think I had an awful narrow escape?





CHAPTER IV
THE STORY-HOUR



CHAPTER IV

THE STORY-HOUR

THE day was drawing near its end. The mellow light of early evening sifted through the great north window of my studio in tones of yellow, then of pink. I could paint no more. My day of work was done. But contemplation was possible, nay, favored by the failing light. So, regretfully, I laid my brushes and palette aside, and lost myself in my own world while the light of this one changed to gold, then gradually to gray, like the retard following a golden burst of music. In this world I was very mildly conscious of the few fading silhouettes of objects round about me, and that was all. I think I also waved the housemaid out of the studio when she entered for some reason or



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

other, possibly to announce the presence of some creature of this world. If she said the conventional thing — that I was “out of town” — she under-told the truth. I think my dear wife, who knows me better, would have said, “He is forty million miles from here just now, but he will return soon. Will you wait?”

Forty million miles is not exactly right, but pretty nearly. We may all hang our own worlds in space where'er we will, for they are of our own creation. I have placed mine at forty million miles because that is just far enough to get to or return in a dozen heart-beats or so.

My studio door opened. This time I did not know it. Sub-consciously I felt, rather than saw, the elder of the two princesses of my castle as she tripped across the floor to my side.

Across forty million miles of space I heard: “Papa! Papa! it is story-hour now. Please tell me a story.”

If I answered, “Yes, dear,” it was automatically. I do not know what I did, but I think I took her hand. But Helen



HELEN

My Sweetheart

THE STORY-HOUR

was undaunted. She knew the symptoms. She also knew the remedy. "Papa! Papa! Papa!" she cried, as she shook my arm so violently that I immediately had to journey forty million miles to save my mortal self from complete destruction.

I arrived in ten heart-beats, breaking my previous record by two.

"Oh, is it the story-hour, Sweetheart?" I ask.

"Yes, Papa. Where have you been? Was it nice where you were?"

"Now, Sweetheart, your mamma has a copyright on that special question. Please be original and invent your own questions."

"What does 'copyright' mean, Papa?"

"It means that the one who invents anything — a question or story or picture — is the only one who has a right to it. If others use it they must pay for it."

"So if I use mamma's question I must pay for it, must I?"

"Yes, indeed, it will cost you thirty kisses."

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

"Well, she may have more if she wishes, — nineteen or sixty-seven. But won't you tell me your dream, Papa?"

"What dream, dear?" I ask, rather mystified.

"Your day-dream. Mamma says you dream daytimes, and you have nice dreams. I don't. I dream nights and they are horrid dreams, — lions and spiders and things. And once, do you know, down in Florida, I dreamed of dreadful alligators. Mamma said I shrieked so hard that she would never let me go up the Tomoka River again."

"Oh, dear! that was too bad; but how about the story? Shall I tell you one?"

"Oh, please do, Papa; tell me lots and lots of them."

Here was an opportunity for carrying out a little plan for which I had been waiting. A certain little incident regarding a disobedient little girl and some preserved cherries suggested the plan, so I said, "How would you like one of our garden stories, dear; a spic-span brand-



THE STORY-HOUR

new one, — one you never, never heard before?"

"Oh, I would love that."

"Very well, dear. I know a fine story about a rose."

"Does the rose talk in a wee, wee voice like the other flowers in our garden stories, Papa?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; and there is a boy in this story, and —"

"What is his name, Papa?"

"His name is Johnnie. He —"

"Excuse me, Papa, for interrupting, but is he the same Johnnie that saved the life of the dear little squirrel?"

"Yes, indeed, the same Johnnie, dear."

"Well, tell me about him then, because — because I like him very, very much, Papa, for saying that dear little bushy tail."

"Very well, I will. But this is a time when Johnnie was naughty. He did something he ought not do, and you will see how sorry he was for it. Now Johnnie, you know, is usually a very good boy, and every one likes him, and he

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wouldn't be a real boy if he was n't sometimes naughty. This day he was very naughty indeed ; he did a terrible thing without really meaning to."

"Oh, dear, dear ; but don't have him whipped, Papa, will you, because some mammas whip their little girls and boys when they are naughty, and it makes them cry. I cried yesterday when Harold got a spanking, and if you make Johnnie get a spanking in the story I might cry again."

"Oh, that would be dreadful, dear, but Johnnie's papa and mamma seldom whip him. They do not believe in it. Now listen to the story, dear, or you will make me tell it wrong end first. One day Johnnie passed our garden when those lovely big red roses of ours were in bloom, and as soon as he saw them he stopped outside the wall and admired them for some time. Then he said, 'O you *lovely* flowers !' Now the flowers heard him, and bobbed their heads in pleasure, and if you had been close up to that rose-bush with your ear very close indeed, you might



BUDS

Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven

THE STORY-HOUR

have heard the roses saying, 'What a nice boy that is ; what a pleasant face he has !' and such things. But soon Johnnie spied the great big rose on the tip-top of the bush, the queen rose of them all. You remember it, dear, — the one that you sent to Mrs. Lynch's little girl when she was sick, don't you ?" I asked.

"Yes, Papa."

"Well, as soon as Johnnie saw that rose, he wanted it ; oh, he wanted it more than he ever wanted anything before, and then he made a great mistake. He shook his finger slowly at the rose, like this, and said, 'You are the loveliest rose in the world, and I want you and I am going to have you.' Then if you were close to the rose-bush you would have heard one of their wee voices saying, 'I wonder what he means, because his face looks so queer now, as though he were thinking of something naughty ;' and another one saying, 'Oh, look at him now ! Oh, dear, he frightens me !' and such things as that. Not because they were afraid to be taken by anybody, dear,



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because you know that flowers love to be picked when they are full-grown and put in water in a house, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, Papa, and some flowers like to be put in a man's button-hole, and be carried around where it can see a whole lot of people and things and — dogs and horses, Papa, don't they?"

"Yes, indeed, so that's not what frightened them; it was the naughty look in Johnnie's face as he said, 'I'm just going to come round here to-night after it is dark and get you, you lovely thing!' and then he walked away."

"O—h, dear!" she said, in a whisper, "was n't that dreadful! But don't have him whipped, Papa, will you?"

"No, dear."

"Promise?"

"I promise."

"Oh, I'm awful glad you don't believe in whipping, Papa."

"I should think you would be, dear. Well, listen, now, till you see the consequence of this dreadful thing. Now you know it was not necessary for Johnnie to

THE STORY-HOUR

steal the rose if he wanted it, don't you, for he could have come right up to the house like a little man and said to me, 'May I please have a rose from that big rose-bush?' and you know I would be delighted to give him the biggest and best one I could find; and more than one if it would give him pleasure. Or, if he had seen you in the garden, he could have asked you, and you would have said, 'I am very sure my papa would be pleased to give you a rose, but I must ask him, because that is his bush. If you wanted one from my bush I would not have to ask papa;' and then you would run to the house and ask me, and I would have said, 'Certainly, my dear,' and given you the scissors so you could have snipped it off without scratching your hands on the thorns, or without hurting the bush by cruelly tearing off the rose. Then you would have gone right out with him, and given him the best rose on the bush, would n't you?"

"Oh, I don't know, Papa. Perhaps I would have wanted that one myself."

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"No, dear, I do not think you would, because don't you remember when you gave your new engine and train of cars to poor little Willie Babcock instead of the old one that was broken, when you really wanted to keep the new one yourself, — don't you remember how much happier it made you? And don't you remember telling me next day that you were glad you did n't give him the old one, because you saw how he enjoyed it, for that was the only plaything he had; and because it gave him so much pleasure, and made you so happy, you filled a whole basket with toys and gave them to him?"

"Yes, Papa, and I played with him a w-h-o-l-e day, and had just a lovely time."

"Which you would not have had if you had been selfish instead of generous, would you?"

"No, Papa. Oh, I would of course give Johnnie the biggest rose, would n't I? I would give him two — three — seven — eleven of them if he wanted them, Papa, would n't I?"



CRAWFORD

THE STORY-HOUR

"I hope so, dear. Well, instead of doing this, Johnnie just did what was very wrong. After he had gone, the roses talked and talked and talked about it, telling each other how naughty Johnnie was to think of such a thing, and sympathizing with each other because their queen rose had to be the prey of a boy who would take a thing that didn't belong to him. One rose said, 'It makes me feel so bad, because he had such a nice face. I thought I would like him very much, and now I just cannot like him.' The queen rose said, 'It would have been the proudest moment of my life if I could have been given to that boy, or had he picked me after having asked permission, and I would have given out all the perfume I had to make him happy; then you could elect Curly Petal for queen in my place, but now it makes me utterly wretched to have to belong to him.' Then a little spunky rose said, 'Let us try to drive him away.' 'How can we?' the others asked; 'he cannot hear our tiny voices unless he is very close, or unless



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

we all talk at the same time.' Then they all fell to thinking and scheming."

"What does 'scheming' mean, Papa?"

"It means planning, dear; a scheme is like thinking out a plan."

"Oh, I know. Go on, please."

"Thinking and scheming and planning different ways to prevent him from getting their queen rose. And what do you suppose they planned?"

"I don't know."

"Well, they planned to get their thorns all strengthened during the rest of the day by drinking all the water they could. That is one part of their plan. Then when Johnnie got over the wall they were going to shout, all at once, 'You're being naughty. You're doing wrong, wrong, wrong. You're stealing, stealing, stealing. You're a thief, thief, thief.' That is the rest of their plan. And they hoped that Johnnie would hear them and run away. Well, Johnnie waited till it was dark, and then he got up on the wall. Then he heard the tiniest little voice in the world saying, 'You're doing wrong.

THE STORY-HOUR

You're being naughty,' but it was so faint he did n't pay much attention to it and got down on his hands and knees. Slowly, slowly he crept—crept—like this, toward the rose-bush, and the little tiny voices kept saying, 'You're being naughty. You're doing wrong, wrong, wrong,' and he said to himself, 'I guess I ought not to do this, but I want that flower,' and he kept right on. Then he heard the voices saying, 'You're stealing, stealing, stealing. You're stealing, stealing, stealing,' but he did n't stop. He put his hand right up into the rose-bush, and then they all shouted as loud as they could, 'You're a thief, thief, thief. You're a *thief, thief, thief.*' Then Johnnie got frightened, and drew his hand out so quickly that half a dozen thorns scratched him hard and made his hand bleed, but Johnnie did n't feel it, because he was so frightened. He just ran as hard as his legs could carry him till he got home. Then he rushed, crying, right into his mamma's arms. His mamma tried to comfort him by saying, 'Oh, my



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poor, poor boy, what has happened to your hand?' Johnnie looked at it and saw the blood there for the first time, and that confused him very much. Then Johnnie made another g-r-e-a-t b-i-g mistake to try to cover up the first mistake. Instead of acknowledging his fault like a little man, he stammered, and said, 'Oh, the — the cat scratched me, Mamma,' and mamma naturally said, 'Well, mamma is very sorry indeed, and she will put some witch-hazel on it.' Mamma ran for the bottle and was just going to put some on Johnnie's hand to make it well, when she saw two rose-thorns in his hand, and she stopped short, and a very sad, pained look came into that poor mamma's face, and she put the bottle down, and cried and cried and cried, as though her heart would break. Do you know why?"

"Yes, Papa ; because she saw the thorns and knew he did n't tell the troup, just as mamma did when she saw the purple on my face when I told her I did n't take the p'served cherries, and it made mamma cry too, and I felt awful, awful bad, Papa."



MARJORIE

A Morning Stroll with Nero

THE STORY-HOUR

"Yes, dear, she cried just as your mamma did, and Johnnie felt just as bad as you must have felt when your mamma cried. Indeed he felt ever so much worse than he could ever feel if his mamma had whipped him, and he really wished his mamma would spank him instead of crying so, but she just could n't. She felt so bad she could n't think of even punishing him. After a little while he said quietly, 'Mamma,' and mamma answered 'What?' as well as she could between her sobs, to which Johnnie replied, 'That was n't a very manly thing for me to do, was it?' Mamma partly stopped crying then, and said, 'No, Johnnie, it was not.' Then Johnnie said, 'Mamma, I'm very sorry I did it, because I want to be a manly little man now, so I can grow to be a manly big man and have everybody like me as they like my papa, and — and I'll never, never, never do such a mean thing again as long as I live, Mamma.' Then what do you suppose that mamma did?"

"Oh, I know; she stopped crying



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and laughed and hugged Johnnie, and said she was happy now instead of mis'able."

"Why, how did you know that?"

"Oh, 'cause that's what mamma did, and, Papa, do you know what I am always going to do if I want any more p'served cherries?"

"No, dear, what?"

"I'm just going to ask for them, really and truly I am."

"And suppose mamma says 'no,' what then?"

"Well, if she says 'no,' it is because it would make me sick if I ate them, and I don't want to be sick, do I?"

"No, dear, of course not. Mamma knows best always. How did you like that story, Sweetheart?"

"Very much, Papa; only I did n't like to have Johnnie tell a fib, nor steal that rose. And I'm just mad at him because he made his mamma cry — that was just d-r-e-a-d-f-u-l. I know it was because I made my mamma cry, and I'll never, n-e-v-e-r do it again — now please, Papa,

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tell me another story ; tell me a whole lot of them."

"Very well. I'll tell you just two more. Then it will be bedtime. I know a story about a little girl who came to visit in the house where the garden grew, and — "

"Please tell me her name."

"I'll tell you what the flowers of Helen's garden called her. They called her 'Miss Dreadful Terror.'"

"Oh, what a name. Why did they call her that ? Was she just awful ? "

"No, indeed, she was a very, very nice little girl, whom everybody loved,— everybody except just the flowers, and I'll tell you why the flowers did not like her. She was n't good to them. She was good to everything except flowers ; very good to her dolls, careful to see that they had proper food at proper times, and that they were properly dressed ; very careful that they should *never* have candy or chewing-gum before their dinner, and when they were put to bed she always tucked them in just as carefully as — well, as you do



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yours, and, come to think of it, she puts seven dolls in one bed just as your little friend Dorothy does."

"Did she have a Japanese doll and a piccaninny doll like Dorofy's, too?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, and she had a little black dog which —"

"Like Tiny?"

"Almost. And she was very careful of that, too, but she just could n't think of being kind to flowers nor considerate of them. Now that is why they didn't like her; in fact, they were dreadfully afraid of her; so whenever she appeared at the door of the house, where she was visiting, every flower in Helen's garden trembled and shivered and shook and tried to hide itself from view, and if you heard what they said when she came out —"

"What did they say, please?"

"Why, they said, 'Oh, dear! Oh, dear, dear me! Here comes Miss Dreadful Terror. Every one look out, for she will pluck you and tear you, and fling you in the path to be wilted by the sun. She will snip you with a stick; she will break



LOUISE

Combing Auntie's Hair

THE STORY-HOUR

your stem and let you hang upside down until you die ; and if she takes you in the house she will throw you anywhere and leave you without water so you 'll die, so you 'll die.' All the new flowers, which had only come out that day and did n't know Miss Dreadful Terror, fell to trembling and shaking, partly because the older flowers were doing so. But soon they had a better reason for being afraid, for Miss Dreadful Terror came down the path swinging her hands and holding her fingers apart, like this, see — and each time she swung her hands the head of some beautiful flower caught between her fingers and snapped right off. Oh, it was dreadful to hear it snap. Then up into the air she tossed it, letting it fall back upon the gravel walk to lie there in the sun and die ! ”

“ Oh, Dorofy did that once, Papa. Mamma and I told her it was very naughty and hurt the flowers. It does hurt them, does n't it ? ”

“ Does it ? Now let us suppose you are a flower. Where would you like best

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

to be? Upon the top of your stalk, happy and smiling and nodding your head in the breeze, and talking to all the other flowers in the garden while feeling the nourishing sap coming up your stalk to make honey, and — ”



“But the bees steal the honey, don't they?”

“No, indeed. The flowers make the honey to give to the bees, and they love to have them take it. Now would you rather be a flower at the tip of your stalk, feeling lovely, or lie in the path snapped off your stalk, with no water to drink, the sun drying, drying, drying you up so it makes your head ache and your petals curl and makes you moan and moan until you die? Tell me, which would you prefer?”

“Oh, I'd rather be at the top of my stalk, of course. I wouldn't like to wither up.”

“Well, then; so, is it any wonder that the flowers trembled when Miss Dreadful Terror came along and did such terrible things? Snap—snap—snap went

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twenty beautiful heads until she got tired of that. Then she thought she would gather some flowers to take in the house. Now, usually, you know, flowers love to be gathered by People, because they know that they help make People's lives happier and better and sweeter by their perfume, and they are very happy and contented themselves while standing in a vase of fresh water, talking to each other and looking at the People and hearing them talk and sing and play beautiful music. But somehow they could not be happy to have this little girl gather them, because she was n't a bit careful with them, and they feared she would not put them in water when she got them in the house. Why, do you know, she pulled some of them right up by the roots; she broke others off and tore their stems dreadfully, and if she couldn't break them entirely off, she just let them hang there upside down in a dreadfully uncomfortable way."

"Oh, dear, I don't wonder they called her Miss Dreadful Terror, do you?"

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"No, indeed. Why, do you know, she even pulled a beautiful petal right out of a poor little rose-bud, and it just hurt like having a tooth pulled. Then she snipped at the flowers and leaves with a stick ; she broke the stalk of a wonderful hydrangea ; she crippled a big canna lily ; she rubbed all the delicate yellow off the face of a young sunflower to see if its seeds were ripe, and walked right through the mignonette, trampling it down cruelly. Then, with quite a bunch of lovely flowers in her hand, she went into the house and up into the nursery, where she tossed them upon a table, and left them there without putting them in a vase of water. And that is not all, for some of them fell upon the floor near her little dog, and he tore them into a million, million pieces just — "

"Oh, that is what Tiny did. We will never, never let him touch our flowers again, shall we ? "

"Did he do such a thing ? Well, indeed I should be careful, so he couldn't get them. Well, what do you suppose



WALTER RUSSELL
1902

CHARLES
An Unfolding Bud

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happened to the poor flowers that were left to die in the garden?"

"Oh, dear, I don't know; I hope they didn't die. I don't like to have flowers die, Papa. Did they? Oh, I'll tell you what I hope; I hope it rained real hard, so they could have water to drink and so the sun couldn't make their heads ache nor their petals curl up. Have it rain in the story, won't you?"

"Oh, something better than that happened. The lady that lives in the house, and who loves the flowers, came out. Oh, how glad the flowers in the garden were to see her. They all stopped crying, and —"

"What were they crying for?"

"Why, because they were so sorry for the poor flowers that lay in the sun dying and moaning; also for the poor crippled flowers which hung by their broken stalks."

"Oh, I see; go on, please. What did the lady do?"

"She saw at a glance that something was wrong, and called her own little girl,

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

Helen, and said to her, 'Do you see what your little friend has done to the garden?' and Helen said, 'Oh, dear, I don't want her ever to come and see me again if she is going to be so cruel to my flowers;' and then Helen's mamma said, 'She did n't mean to be cruel, for she is too nice a little girl to be cruel, but she is just thoughtless. Now you run to the nursery and ask her to come out and bring a big dish of water and we will tell her how thoughtless she has been, and while you are doing that I'll get the scissors and trim the flowers nicely.' Now all the flowers in the garden heard the lady say this, and they stopped crying and said encouraging things to the poor flowers lying in the path. If you could have been there, with your ear up very close to some of the flowers, you would have heard them cheering the poor cripples, and telling them to be patient, for the lady would come soon and save their lives. And pretty soon the lady did come, and Helen came leading Miss Dreadful Terror, who carried a big dish

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of water. Then what do you suppose the lady did?"

"Oh, I know now; but you tell me."

"She told the little girl who was visiting Helen all about the suffering she had caused the flowers, being very careful not to scold, because she knew the little girl was only thoughtless and didn't know she was hurting the flowers. That made Miss Dreadful Terror very sorry indeed, and what do you suppose she did?"

"Oh, I know; she picked them all up and put them in water."

"Indeed she did, and she took the scissors and snipped the crippled flowers off nicely and put them right side up in the water, and she put water on the poor sunflowers' white seeds when she had uncovered them. Then, after she had made all the flowers comfortable that she had made uncomfortable, she ran upstairs to the nursery and gathered together the flowers up there that the dog had not destroyed, and put them in water also. Now what do you suppose all the flowers



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

in the garden said after Miss Dreadful Terror did that?"

"I don't know; what did they say?"

"They said, 'Now we need never be afraid of that little girl, because she will never hurt us again. She is n't terrible now, she is real nice, so don't you think we would better change her name from Miss Dreadful Terror to Miss Dreadful Nice? All who think so will please nod their heads in approval;' and every flower in the garden nodded her head so hard you would almost have feared it would break right off its stem. There, how do you like that story?"

"Oh, I like it very much. I know who it was, too. It was Dorofy and me. Please tell me another of our garden stories. You know you promised me one more, did n't you?"

"Indeed I did, and you shall have it. This one is —"

"Oh, excuse me, Papa, but don't have any one cry nor any one be naughty, — and don't have any wolves or bears or



LITTLE WOMEN

THE STORY-HOUR

lions in it, will you, because I'm just going to bed, you know."

"Very well, dear, I'll tell you another garden story that will be a lovely bed-time story, because there is nothing in it to make you dream."

"What is it about?"

"It is about a big red rose and a little white rose. They —"

"Oh, Papa, I know this is going to be a lovely story. Won't you take me on your lap? Thank you, Papa; now go on, please."

"Very well. Now listen."

"Down among the rose-bushes in Helen's garden was a large red rose that was three days old, and consequently very wise. She knew a lot about things in the world (for a flower can learn a lot in three days), so when a beautiful little white rose-bud opened itself so close beside her that its leaves mingled with her leaves, and its stem rubbed against her stem when the wind blew, she naturally took it upon herself to answer all the questions that the little white rose asked."

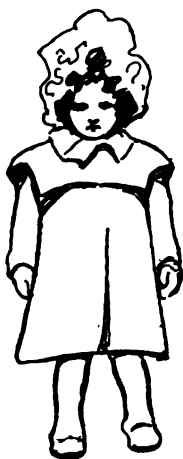
THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

"What questions did it ask, please?"

"Oh, lots of them. It asked the names of all the flowers in the garden, and why one was big and another small; why one was yellow and one red and another blue and another pink; why the wind blew, and all such things which every flower should know in order not to appear stupid to the other flowers. To all of her questions Big Red Rose replied with the greatest patience and thoughtfulness, so much so that Little White Rose's education was pretty well advanced in about two hours after it first unfolded its petals."

"Oh, my! was n't that quick! I wish I could learn all a little girl has to learn as quick as that. Why can't I?"

"Because a little girl lives many, many years, and a flower only a few days. That is why a flower learns all it has to know very quickly. Well, Little White Rose was nearly two hours old before she saw a man or woman. So when the gardener came suddenly around the corner she was a little bit frightened, and bobbed her head over close to Big Red Rose, saying,



THE STORY-HOUR

‘Oh, dear, what is that?’ Big Red Rose laughed reassuringly, and answered, ‘Oh, that is one of the People. You haven’t seen any People at all yet, have you? Well, you need not be afraid of them; they are very nice. That one pulls weeds up and trims off dead leaves, and if anything keeps the sun away from you he will cut it off so you can get the sunlight. Then, if it does not rain and the ground is dry and your petals are parched for water, he sprinkles a lot of it all over you, and it makes you feel better and live longer.’ Then Little White Rose said she would not be afraid of him any more, and asked lots of questions about People, especially about those who now began to pass the garden,—the grocer man and his wagon, the milkman, the boy with his goat cart, the policeman, and many others. Now by this time Little White Rose and Big Red Rose had grown very, very fond of each other, and they told each other so, and soon after that what do you suppose happened?”

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

"I don't know ; please tell me."

"Why, the lady came out of the house, and Little White Rose said, 'Oh, my, what is that?' and Big Red Rose told her that it was also one of the People, and was called a lady. 'And she is very, very nice,' Big Red Rose added, 'because she loves us all, and has lots of things done for us to add to our comfort and happiness. See, dear Little White Rose, see how every flower in the garden does its best to look happy and radiant and beautiful when she comes out? That is because we want to make her happy too.' Just then a little girl and a little dog came out, which gave Little White Rose an opportunity to ask more questions. Big Red Rose explained to her that the little girl was a People-bud just as Little White Rose was a Rose-bud, and that the dog was, — Oh, another thing entirely. The little People-bud interested Little White Rose very much, because she came right over to the next rose-bush, where Little White Rose could see and hear her distinctly. Big Red Rose ex-





HARRY

A Head which old Masters would have Immortalized

THE STORY-HOUR

plained that the neighboring rose-bush was her own, and that she cared for it all herself. Pretty soon the lady came along the walk so that Little White Rose could see her very clearly. Suddenly Little White Rose said, in alarm, 'Oh, dear me, the lady has lots of flowers in her hands; what is she doing with them?' Big Red Rose caressed Little White Rose lovingly, and answered, 'Oh, she is gathering them to take into the house. It is lovely to go there, for she puts them in water, and changes the water often, and flowers like it very much.' 'How did you ever know so much, dear Big Red Rose?' Little White Rose asked. 'Oh,' answered Big Red Rose, 'we all know that very soon, for if you listen you can hear lots of things during a lifetime. The flowers up near the house tell us what they see through the windows, and we hear the lady tell the little girl how to care for us. Why, only yesterday, while you were a tiny, tiny bud, we heard her tell a naughty little girl, who broke our stems, that it was cruel, and also told her how



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

to take care of us. It made the little girl sorry because she hurt us, and she put all the broken ones in water, and carried them into the house, and we saw her do it.'"

"Oh, I know who that was; it was Miss Dreadful Terror who became Miss Dreadful Nice, was n't it?"

"Yes, indeed, that is just who it was. Well, to continue the story: Little White Rose asked, 'What is that funny thing in the lady's other hand?' 'Oh,' answered Big Red Rose, 'that is a pair of scissors with which she cuts the flowers.' 'Oh, dear, dear, does it hurt to be cut?' Little White Rose asked, quite alarmed. 'No, not in the least, because she only cuts our stems, not our petals. She never cuts our petals unless they are old dead ones, and then we want to have them taken out, just as that little girl wanted a tooth taken out the day before yesterday, when I was very young. Oh, that was very funny,' Big Red Rose continued, and was about to tell Little White Rose all about it, but Little



QUENTIN
A Brief Sketch

THE STORY-HOUR

White Rose interrupted her to ask, 'Do you think she will cut you or me?' and Big Red Rose was so alarmed by the question that she forgot to tell Little White Rose that it was not polite to interrupt, and said instead, 'Oh, dear, I hope she will not take you away from me.' Then Little White Rose replied, 'I hope she will not take you away from me, either.' Big Red Rose then said, 'Would n't it be lovely if she would cut us both and take us in the house, where I could complete your education?' Little White Rose thought that would be too lovely for anything. Well, what do you suppose happened?"

"What?"

"Why, that lady came along snipping, snipping with her scissors, until she got to the place where Little White Rose and Big Red Rose grew. Then she said, 'Well, I have enough, I guess, without cutting any more,' and the two rose friends were quite happy to think they were not to be separated, although Big Red Rose really wanted to be taken into the



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

house if Little White Rose could go too. But just as the lady started to go, she spied Little White Rose, and said, 'Oh, you dear, dear sweet little thing, I must take you too, because you are certainly the sweetest little flower that ever grew,' and *snip* went her scissors. Then the Little White Rose said, just as loud as its wee little voice would allow her, 'Please, lady, please take Big Red Rose too.' But the dog was barking, so that she could n't possibly hear that tiny voice. Neither could she hear Big Red Rose asking to be taken too. So off she went into the house, and put the flowers in water. But Little White Rose felt so bad that she could not stand up, and the lady came and tried to get her to do so, but each time she fell right over. Then she said, 'You poor little dear, why don't you stand up like a nice little flower?' and she got very close to her to smell her sweet perfume. Then what do you suppose happened?"

"Oh, tell me quickly, please."

"Why, Little White Rose said again,



THE STORY-HOUR

‘Please, lady, won’t you get Big Red Rose, too?’ and it was so quiet and still that the lady actually heard that wee, tiny voice, and looked down in astonishment, saying, ‘What was that? Did one of you flowers speak to me?’ and Little White Rose said, ‘Yes, I did. I’m Little White Rose and I want Big Red Rose. Won’t you please bring her in to me? — because we love each other, and — and my education is only half completed too, you know.’ ‘Why, of course I will, you dear little thing,’ the lady said, and away she flew, so fast that in less than a minute she came back with Big Red Rose in her hands. ‘There,’ she said, as she tucked him down in the vase, ‘there is your Big Red Rose;’ and Little White Rose said, ‘Thank you, dear lady,’ and stood up straight. Big Red Rose was very much pleased to see that her lessons in politeness had been observed.”

“And did they live happy ever afterward?”

“Yes, indeed, for several days, and that is a long time for a flower to live. There,

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

now it is bedtime for Helen. Did you like your stories to-night, dear? "

" Yes, Papa, very much. You're just the dearest, bestest papa in the world."

" Well, then, do I get a nice kiss for those stories? "

I did n't count them, but I think I got at least twenty, also a disarranged cravat and a footprint or two on my blue serge. I hear her now upstairs filling the house with the child-voice melody which keeps the world young.

Her day will soon be done, for at evening all the world is childless, and grown-ups have to play to substitute the melody of youth.

Ah, I hear the patter of bare feet running along the upper hall; a door opens, and a golden-headed, white-robed figure leans over my studio balcony throwing kisses to me, which I return. Then with an exchange of good-nights the vibration of her voice dies away in the distance. The house is quiet.

I think I will re-cross the forty million miles of space to my world. But no, I



NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

THE STORY-HOUR

shall be obliged to postpone the trip till another twilight, for it has just been made an impossibility by the announcement, which is decidedly of the earth, earthy, "Dinner is served, sir."





CHAPTER V

SLEEPY TIME





"LOUISE"

Sleep Baby sleep — thy Day is done

CHAPTER V

SLEEPY TIME

SLEEP, baby, sleep. Thy day is done. While yet the lingering twilight sends its last pale rays in beams of gold to kiss thy cheek, the sand-man comes, my dear, and says to thee, "Thy day is done, thy day is done. Sleep, little one, sleep." And dreamily he sifts upon thy lids a mist of star-dust from the great white way which spans the arch of night. Do thy lids grow heavy, dear? Well, never mind; it is the sand-man's way with tots like thee. Thou canst not long withstand his soothing star-dust sand. Nor should I try, dear, were I thee, for he has lots to do this night, indeed, this very hour, my sweet. So close them — there — that's right,

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

my pet, for sister waits for him near by. I hear the gate of her wee, white bed close for the night, and, all tucked up with warm, white down, with "Lizbeff" and "Dorofy" wide awake upon the pillow by her side, she waits his coming.

There, I hear thy mamma kiss her for the night, as she did thee, my little one ; and perhaps, as on thy cheek, the sun will change the kiss to gems of many hues, as gifts for her dear angel guardian who soon will come and watch with her, and thine with thee, my pet. And when beside thy bed the towering arch of great white wings shall show to me that she has come to watch with thee, then I will know that thou dost sleep, and I will go. And when thy papa leaves thee, pet — what makes thee start and pull thy wee pink hand away ; didst dream of little pins in pussy's toes ? Well, take thy papa's finger — there — it's all thy little hand can span, but makes of me a prisoner, captive, held by bonds of love, in which thou art so strong and I so weak. Sleep, baby, sleep. 'Tis growing dark. Arcturus



HELEN

With "Lizbeth" and "Dorothy" wide awake on the Pillow by her Side



SLEEPY TIME

peeps at thee beneath the window-shade as though on vigil with thy papa and thy angel. Perhaps it is thy angel's star and thine, my dear, for when thou camest to us that great red star was on the celestial line, and shone alone that night ; great clouds obscured the others. Sleep. Sister stirs. She cries in fright for mamma. Sh : sh : Thou needst not fear. She has but dreamed of pussy as thou didst. I hear her ask, "Why is the night so dark, and why do pussies cry at night, Mamma?" and with thy mamma's cheek against her cheek, she sleeps again to dream of thee, perhaps.

Sleep, little one, sleep. Thy star has dipped behind the tall church spire, and soon the western sky shall feel its glow no more. Perhaps — who knows? — in far-off China's eastern sky it peeps above the sill and wakes a babe with almond eyes and says, "It is thy day, arise;" and fades away.

Now I must leave thee, little one. Thou must release me : but instead, thou holdest with a firmer grasp. Well, I



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

will stay a minute more and then I'll go. If thou couldst watch thy papa, and the man who gave thy doll to thee, send clicking ivory balls around a great green board to-night, thou wouldst be pleased and laugh, and clap thy hands in glee, and think that every shot was made to make thee laugh. And so I think it soon would be if thou wert there, for thou wouldst be the game and thy glad laugh our count; and we would vie to see which one would score the most.

Release me, dear, or there will be no game as happened last night, and the night before; and he who waits shall say to me, "Apron strings and baby pins." And I shall meekly plead, "I was a prisoner of love;" but *he* won't understand because — my pet — he cannot.

So sleep — and let me go. The star-dust floats about the room and fills thy papa's eyes. Oh, dear, I nearly dropped to sleep myself. There, just one more minute and I shall go and leave thee with thy angel. Didst feel that gentle breeze? It came from underneath the wing — of



THY GUARDIAN ANGEL

Will watch with Thee

SLEEPY TIME

thy — dear angel — see — she sits with
thee — and now —

I think thy mamma calls me, dear.
Wilt let me go? Thank thee, my pet.
I think I nearly went to sleep myself—
What! Eleven o'clock? Well, good-
night, Sweetheart, the sand-man comes
and says to me as he did to thee, "Thy
day is done, thy day is done."





CHAPTER VI

A CHILD'S LETTER TO SANTA





CHAPTER VI

A CHILD'S LETTER TO SANTA

DICTATED TO PAPA BY A FIVE-YEAR-OLD TWIG

DEAR SANTA CLAUS :

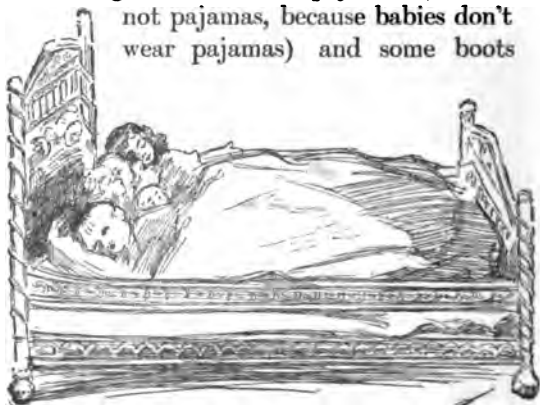
I want a nice lady doll for Christmas, and a nice wedding-dress for her, because I'm going to have her married to another doll I have. Please send me a doll-house, Santa, for her to live in, and have a garden in front of it with pink flowers on bushes ; and I don't mind if they are paper or cloth ones, because real ones would n't last ; and anyway, it would be too cold for them to grow. Put the flower garden in front, and have an eating garden in the back, with tomatoes and lettuce and all nice garden things in it, and cherries. They can be of cloth, too, because it's only make-believe, you

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

know. Don't forget to put a little watering pot in each garden, and a real high fence around the gardens, so boys won't steal my dollies' flowers and eating things.

Don't forget to put two clocks in the house, — one alarm clock to wake the maids, and a cuckoo clock to tell time by. One alarm clock will be enough, because the maids will wake up the people. Have three doll maids, one cook, one nurse, and one just ord'nary servant.

Please have some baby dolls — one, anyway, which is a go-to-sleep dolly that closes her eyes, because I don't like to have them lie awake all night. Have long dresses for her and two dresses and two night-dresses and pajamas (oh, no, not pajamas, because babies don't wear pajamas) and some boots





DOROTHY

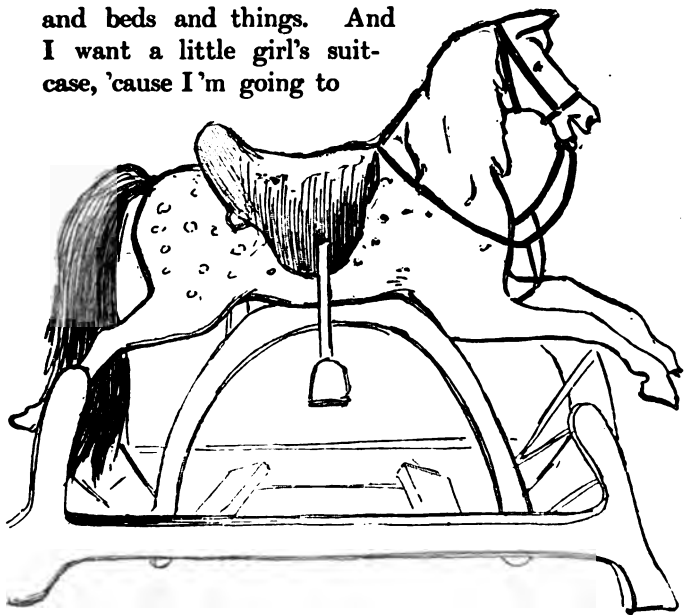
Please sketch my Doggie

A CHILD'S LETTER TO SANTA

and stockings and bonnets and hair-ribbons. Please have a four-year-old sister for the baby, that can bend her legs and knees, and her arms where her funny-bone comes, so she can sit down on the floor to play marbles.

Then I want a rocking-horse with saddles; and make him a dapple gray horse like one in a story I love. That is all I want, — except a few more things.

I want a bureau for my house, and a desk and chairs — a whole lot of them — and beds and things. And I want a little girl's suitcase, 'cause I'm going to



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

Florida; and picture-books and stationery and a new slate, because this one is broken; and some chalk.

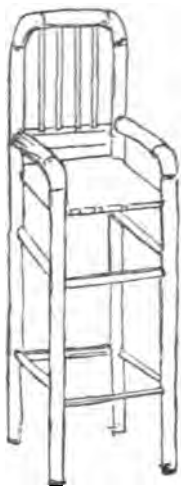
Now I want some things for my dear little sister, who is only three years old and cannot tell how to write a letter.

But send me a doll-carriage, too, won't you, Santy?

Please send her a nice little rocking-chair and a doll-carriage, so she won't use mine all the time when I want it.

She must have a lot of dolls, too, so she won't get mine and poke their eyes in; and some Japanese dolls, and shoes for them, because she likes to put their shoes on and take them off all the time. Make her dolls so one of them can be dressed and undressed.

Oh, I forgot, Santy; please send me some high-chairs for my doll-house, so my dollies can have them to sit in, and a tiny rocking-horse for sister. And please send me a fish game, too, with hooks and numbers on the sides of the fishes; but you need n't send one to sister because she can't read the numbers, any-



A CHILD'S LETTER TO SANTA

how, and I will let her play with mine sometimes.

There, now, that's all I can think of, dear Santy, and I thank you a hundred times for bringing them when you *do* bring them.

So good-bye, but please put the Christmas-tree in the middle of the floor so we can dance around it, and bring a nice Noah's Ark for sister, with some hittmopmusses in it.

With lots of love from

HELEN.

This is a kiss for you, Santa.

P. S. If you know of some more things I ought to have in my dolly-house, please bring them.

This is a little kiss from Louise.

P. S. Sister has just waked up, and I asked her what else she wants and she says *ducks*.





CHAPTER VII
FOR A LITTLE GIRL'S
AMUSEMENT



CHAPTER VII

FOR A LITTLE GIRL'S AMUSEMENT

I had given myself up to the enjoyment of a charming book and a comfortable hammock, swung in the shadiest of places. The air was exceedingly hot and sultry outside the tiny forest, in the midst of which I reclined in comfort and peace, fanned by the gentlest of breezes, and lulled to a feeling of lazy luxury by the monotonous beat and rush of ocean waves upon the beach near by, and by the music of the birds overhead.

Ah, this is Utopia, I soliloquized. Now for a chapter of my Emerson, on Nature. I turned a page. A mysterious sound reached my ears, and I became

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

delightfully conscious of a plot against my safety.

A foe was stealing upon me step by step in the bushes. Should I rise up and cry out? Assuredly not. That would prevent the development of one of those sweetest of childhood pleasures, — a “surprise.” Therefore I feigned perfect ignorance of the approaching danger, until the well known “Boo!!!” sounded sharply in my ears, followed by the merriest peals of laughter as I jumped up in great consternation, very much startled by this sudden onslaught from the underbrush.

“Oh, dear! Oh, dear!” I managed to exclaim, as I got my breath, “you nearly frightened me to death!” which, of course, caused the blue eyes laughing into mine to snap more brilliantly as they reflected the high lights of actual tears, — tears of intense pleasure.

“Well, I do declare if it is n’t Bunny, and not an Indian at all. Come here, you adorable little rabbit, and have your ears pulled.”



JEAN

Much better known as Bunny



FOR A GIRL'S AMUSEMENT

"Did I really truly frighten you?" Bunny asked.

"Frighten me? Why, you nearly made me climb a tree. I thought you were a bear."

"Oh, I knew you would be here, and I came up to ask you to tell me forty-'leven stories. Will you, please?"

"Would n't two or three do, dear?" I asked.

"Well, perhaps, — if they are long, l-o-n-g ones."

"Well, what shall I tell you?"

"O—h — anything."

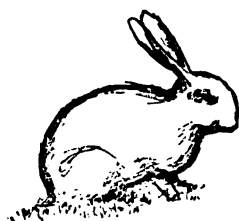
"Well, suppose I tell you a story about some crabs; little fellows like the hundred and ten little fellows we have in the crab-trap at the float."

"Oh, goody! Goody! Do tell me about them."

"Very well, I will. Down in the yellow marsh-grass —"

"Oh, won't you please have this a 'once-upon-a-time' story?"

"Very well. Once upon a time a very happy family of two hundred little crabs



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

and one mamma and one papa crab had a summer place, called 'Eight Pools,' down in the yellow marsh-grass by the seaside — "

"Did they all have the same mamma and papa?"

"Yes, indeed — "

"What a big family of children! Papa says he has the biggest family in Cohasset, and he has only six. I'll tell him about that crab family, and won't he be surprised to find he has n't? Go on, please."

"Well, when the tide was in, the marsh-grass was all covered over, and when the tide was out the grass was all in plain sight, and it was dry, so you could walk over it, except in eight little places where the water remained. These eight little places pleased Mamma and Papa Crab so much that they decided to have them for a summer home for their family, and they did so, naming the place 'Eight Pools.'"

"Like the little pools where we catch our crabs when the tide goes out?"

"Exactly, Bunny."



SOME SKETCHES IN JEAN'S NURSERY

FOR A GIRL'S AMUSEMENT

"Goody! Go on quickly, please. I'm going to like this story, I know I shall."

"Well, then — Papa and Mamma Crab got their whole family together and journeyed in a procession to 'Eight Pools,' and they did look so funny sidling along sideways, so many of them together."

"Should n't you think crabs would get dizzy going sideways all the time? Why do they do it?"

"Their joints will only bend in the direction which carries them sideways. I will show you when we go down to the float."

"Well, let's go there now — no, finish the story first."

"They arrived at 'Eight Pools' at high tide, of course, because they would not dare go across the open at low tide, and —"

"I should say not, for if any little girl lived near there she would run and catch them for her crab-trap, would n't she?"

"Yes, indeed, and that is just the reason they arrived at high tide. The



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

two hundred little crabs were delighted with the place, and they gambolled around in great glee, and chased all the hermit crabs out of the place, so they could have it all to themselves."

"Goody! Goody! I don't like hermit crabs, anyway. Go on, please."

"Then, when the tide went out, Papa Crab called them all together on the edge of the biggest pool, and said, 'Now, children, I am going to tell you something, and unless you listen carefully and always carry out the commands I shall give you now, you will surely get into trouble.' Then they all listened carefully as Papa Crab continued, 'You see that fresh green grass up there above the rocks that reaches way out of sight around the point and among the trees? Well, that is the summer place of some People;' and all the little crabs shivered in their shells, for they had heard of People before with dread. 'Now,' Papa Crab continued, 'it is lovely to watch People at a distance and see the queer things they do, but if ever any of them come farther than those



BUNNY

Who loves to hear Stories



FOR A GIRL'S AMUSEMENT

rocks, you must at once run into the pools and hide yourselves in the sand or under a stone, so you cannot be seen. Now listen carefully. See that float up there where the boats are? Well, there are three People there; see them?' 'Oh! Oh! Oh!' all the little crabs cried, and scurried away, some hiding under stones, and some kicking the sand up on their backs until they were all covered up out of sight, leaving Papa and Mamma Crab alone."

"Oh, my! was n't that funny! Oh, do have some more funny things like that in the story, won't you? Did they come back when he called them?"

"Indeed they did, for they do not like to remain quiet under sand and stones any more than children like to sit still in a chair. When they were all together again, Papa Crab said, 'I went up to that float with your mamma and saw several boxes floating alongside. In one was a big sea turtle—'"

"Like the one papa bought for me?"

"Yes, dear. Then Papa Crab contin-



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

ued : 'In another box were a lot of clams and a few lobsters, and in another were some large crabs.' 'Oh, is n't that awful!' the little crab exclaimed. 'Yes, but listen to me,' Papa Crab went on. 'There is another little box there with a wire top and bottom to it, that you can see through, and in it was one baby crab like you.' 'Oh, dear! dear! dear!' the little crabs exclaimed, and some of them ran under the sand and stones again, frightened almost to death."

"Oh, I had only one baby crab in my trap when you first came here, but now I have a hundred and ten, have n't I?"

"Yes, indeed. Now listen, Bunny, to what Papa Crab told them. He said, 'That little box belongs to that little girl up there. She is one of the People, and she keeps that box just to put baby crabs in when she catches them. I asked that baby crab how long he had been a prisoner, and he said he had been there a whole week. He looked so, for his shell was growing quite pale instead of having the beautiful healthy green which

FOR A GIRL'S AMUSEMENT

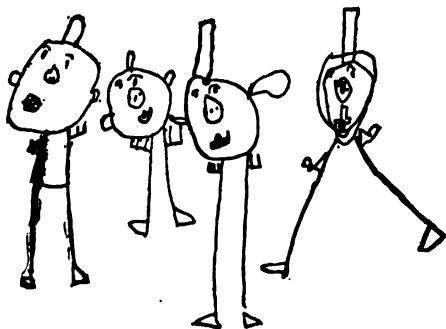
all of you have. And worse still, one of his beautiful claws was gone.' 'Oh, dear, dear! is n't that dreadful!' the little crabs chorused; then Papa Crab continued, 'I asked how that happened, and he told me that the little girl who caught him pounced down upon him so quickly that it ground his claws off against a stone.' "

"Oh, that is just what happens to some crabs I catch; they do wiggle so hard. Does it hurt them to have their claws come off?"

"Indeed it hurts them dreadfully. But you would n't break their claws off if you used the net I got you."

"But I don't like the net. I want to catch them in my hands; but if it hurts them I think I had better use the net, don't you?"

"Indeed I do, dear, until your hand is large enough to go right round them like mine. Now see what comes in the



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

story. Papa crab said, 'Oh, there is the little girl and the nurse and the man getting in the boat; and see, they have a pail with them to catch crabs in. Now all of you hide under sand and stones; and no matter how near they come, don't run, because they will surely see and catch you. Now some of you won't mind what I say, and will try to run to the other side of your pool, thinking 't is safer, but all that do run will be surely *caught*, and it will serve you right for not minding.' Then all the little crabs said, 'Oh, we will mind, surely; we don't want to be caught and have our legs broken and be put in a box;' so away they scampered to the different pools, and Papa and Mamma Crab got so far down in the sand that you could n't see them at all. Pretty soon the People arrived at 'Eight Pools' and pulled their boat up on the marsh-grass which served as a lawn to the 'Eight Pools' estate. Then the People tip-toed quietly over to the edge of one of the pools and looked in. 'Not one crab in here,' the little girl said, and the



BUNNY AND HER BUNNY

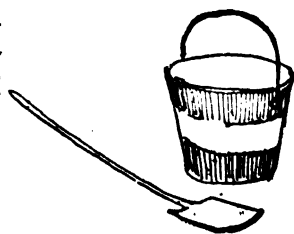
Listening to the Crab Stories

FOR A GIRL'S AMUSEMENT

little crabs laughed to themselves under their stones."

"Why did n't the little girl turn over the stones as I do?"

"Wait and see, dear. The little girl stooped down, and one crab near her foot got so frightened that he darted out quickly toward the opposite side of the pool — 'Quick! quick!' she shouted, 'there's a crab!' and she pounced upon it so suddenly that she broke two of its legs off, and never thought of the pain she caused that poor little crab, but flew after two more that had disobeyed their mamma and ran out. She caught one and the man caught the other, and the nurse got a pail of water to put them in. Soon the little crabs became very frightened, for they heard the girl say, 'Turn over the stones, because they are hiding there,' and she commenced turning them over. Then there was a great scampering of many crabs until a lot were caught. And so from pool to pool they went until they had caught over a hundred baby crabs, which they took away in the pail



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

and put them in the little girl's crab-trap.

"She caught as many as I did, did n't she? And that is because they did n't mind their papa and mamma, is n't it?"

"Exactly. That was their punishment. But what do you suppose that little girl did then? She kept them in that trap for four days just so she could see them. That was cruel because their brothers and sisters missed them so much. Every high tide their papa and mamma journeyed over to talk to their babies and weep with them because they could not play in the sunshine with their little brothers who were so happy chasing hermit crabs and watching minnows when the tide was high at 'Eight Pools,' and watching People doing all sorts of queer things up on the bright green grass when the tide was low. The little girl did not come back to 'Eight Pools' again, so the baby crabs forgot their fright; but still the pools seemed less gay with more than half their number gone. Well, one day Papa Crab felt so sorry for his little ones



FOR A GIRL'S AMUSEMENT

that he got right up on the box to talk to them just as that little girl came down to the float. He heard her coming and was just about to jump off when he heard the man say to her, 'Don't you think you had better let your little crabs go back home now and surprise their family?' and she said, 'No, no, no! I won't do it! I want to keep them myself!' The Papa Crab grew angry at this, and stayed right on the box, for, do you know, a brilliant idea came into his head. He just made up his mind that he would bite that little girl if he got a chance, and he did get a chance. She came to look at her crabs and stooped right over to open the door in the top of the box. Now Papa Crab had crawled close up to the float, where she could not see him, and she had one hand on the float and the other on the door. 'Click' went the catch, and the door opened, and just then the little hand came so near the hiding Papa Crab that he caught the tip of one finger, and held on tight while the little girl screamed and screamed and

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

tried to get up, upsetting the whole trap in doing so."

"And did the little crabs get out?"

"Yes, indeed, they did, and as quickly as their little legs could carry them —"

"Goody! Goody! I'm glad, for she ought not keep them so long away from their papas and mammas."

"She did n't mean to be cruel; she was just thoughtless and selfish, for the man and the nurse had asked her for several days to let them go, and she would n't, so something dreadful happened, as you have seen."

"Well, that would n't happen to me, because I will look close to the float, when I go to see my crabs, to see if there is a Papa Crab there. Do you think my crabs have a papa and mamma and brothers and sisters down in our pools?"

"I am sure they have."

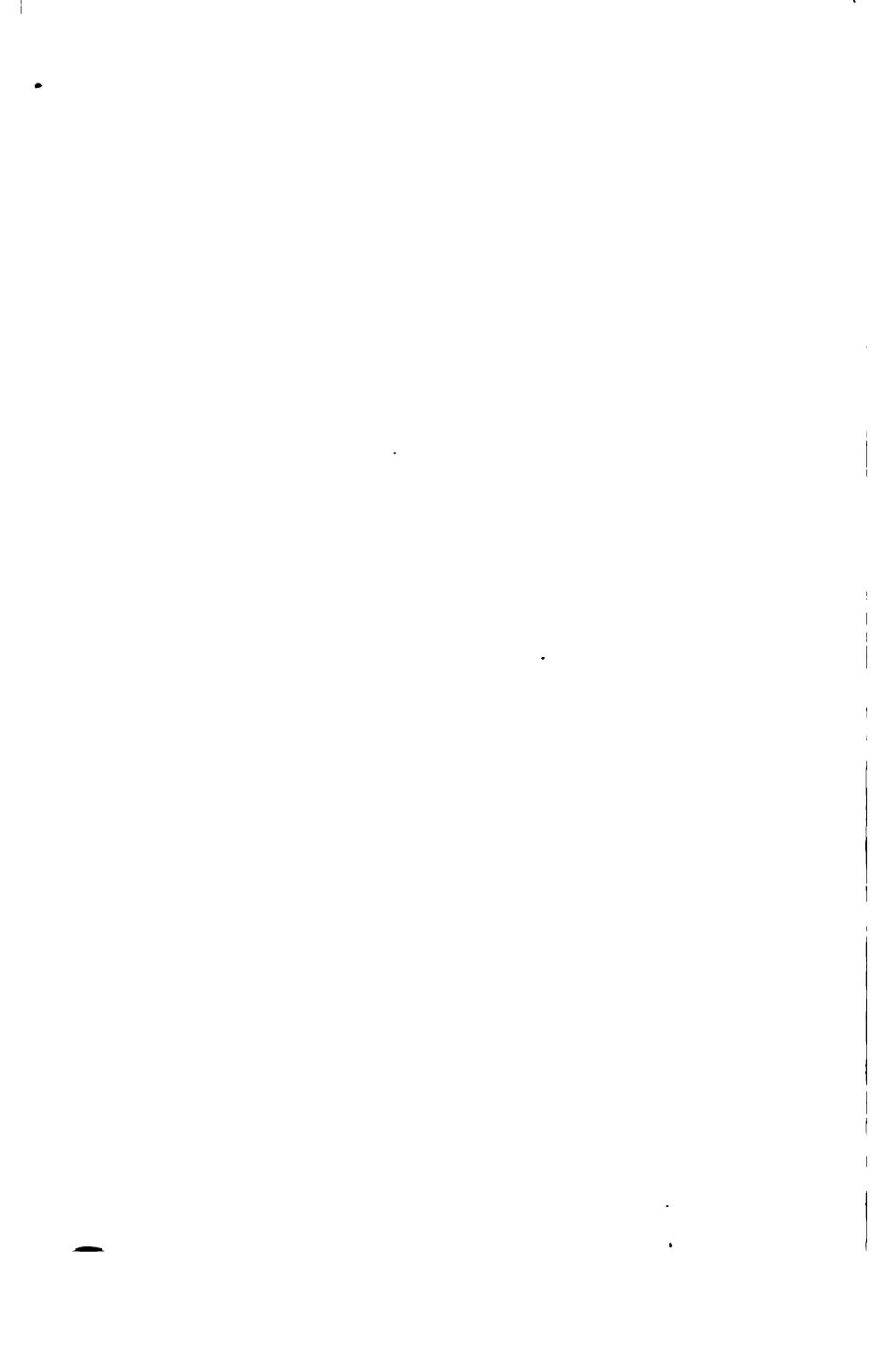
"Then I'll tell you what let's do. Let's go and let them all out, will you?"

"Why, yes, gladly, dear; but there is just a little more to the story."



MORTIMER

The Place to read Fairy Stories is in the Woods, where Fairies dwell



FOR A GIRL'S AMUSEMENT

"Goody! Tell it, please."

"This little girl was quite angry because she lost her crabs, and —"

"Well, what became of the Papa Crab who bit her?"

"Oh, he just dropped off into the water when he saw the man and the nurse coming, and he led the baby crabs all back to 'Eight Pools.' The little girl watched them scampering along in that direction; so next day she went and caught a whole lot again, and after she filled her pail, she said to her nurse, 'Do you know, I'm glad they got away, so I could have the fun of catching them again; and when we get to the float I am going to dump them all over again and see them go home, then I can have some to catch every day.' The crabs heard her say that, and it made them happy, and when they got home they said that it was real fun. And then, what do you think?"

"I don't know. Tell me."

"Every day when that girl came, she found lots more crabs, and some were



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

not even hiding; and when they ran away, they only played at running, and stopped wiggling, when she caught them, so their legs would not break off. Once the Mamma and Papa Crab let themselves be caught, also, so you see the little girl had ever so much more fun for being gentle with them than by being cruel, didn't she?"

"Yes, indeed. Let's empty ours all out when we go down to the float, shall we?"

"Why, that would be a very fine idea. Then you can catch them every day as the little girl in the story did."

"Goody! Goody! Now won't you please tell me just one more story, and let it be about a crab, like the other story, will you please, and let me see — please have some other animal in the story; and have them talk to each other, will you?"

"Gladly, Bunny; what shall the other animal be? Let me think — a horse?"

"No, he is too big and — and he might step right on p-o-o-r little crab

FOR A GIRL'S AMUSEMENT

and squash him. Have him be a small animal, not bigger than the baby crab."

"Well, I know a story about a crab and a grasshopper."

"No, no. He mustn't be a grasshopper, because grasshoppers' legs come off too easy, and — and then they bleed molasses right on my fingers, and I have to scream."

"Well, I know another about a crab and a cricket. How will that do?"

"Oh, goody! That's all right, because a cricket sings nicely, and his legs don't come off, because they are shorter. Yes, let it be a cricket. Go on, please."

"Well, once —"

"Oh, please let it be a crab from 'Eight Pools.' I like those crabs."

"This crab is from 'Eight Pools,' dear. Once —"

"Was he naughty?"

"No, he was not. Why?"

"Because if he was I did n't want you to have him killed in the story, nor lose any of his d-e-a-r little legs. Now I'm ready. Oh, here is my nurse. Lizzie,



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

come and listen to this story. Go on, please."

"Well, one day the little girl emptied the crabs, which she had caught at 'Eight Pools,' into the water so they could go home again. Off they scampered towards 'Eight Pools,'—all of them but one, and that little crab crawled up on the yellow marsh-grass to watch the little girl. He had grown quite fond of her of late, so much so that he had never hidden under a stone when she came to 'Eight Pools' since that first time when they were all so frightened. (You remember, don't you? I told you about it in yesterday's story.) Well, when he had crawled up very close to the float what do you suppose he heard and saw?"

"I don't know. What?"

"He saw that little girl just stamp her foot and scream, and heard her say to her nurse, 'I won't, I *won't*, I WON'T; you need n't ask me to go to the bungalow, nor the playground, either, because I *won't*. I'm going to stay down here and play.'



BUNNY

Playing Pony with Lizzie

FOR A GIRL'S AMUSEMENT

Oh, how shocked and grieved that crab was to hear her act so. Why, he was so shocked that he started to rush back to 'Eight Pools' to tell his two hundred brothers and sisters never to be caught by that little girl again, because she was very naughty, but he changed his mind, and listened to hear more. He heard the nurse say, 'It is time for your nap, and you must take it,' and then he heard her scream so loud and shrilly that he heard a ringing sound in his ears for two minutes."

"Did she scream the way — the way I did this morning, when — when I didn't want to take my nap?"

"Why, come to think of it, she did scream just about that way. Then —"

"Oh, wait just a minute. Do you think any of my crabs heard me, 'cause — 'cause I, — 'cause that would be too bad."

"I hope not, Bunny; oh, I hope not."

"Oh, dear, so do I, because I wouldn't want my crabbies to run away from me, would I?"



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

"No, indeed, dear. But this little girl crab listened, and heard her say dreadful things, like 'I won't,' and 'You're an old witch,' and she even said, 'Shut up, or I'll splash you all over with water.' Then her nurse would n't stand it any longer, and the baby crab saw her pick the little girl right up and carry her, still screaming and kicking, right off the float and up the bridge, until she disappeared from sight, up among the hydrangeas on the bright green grass."

"Oh, that's what Lizzie did to me, too, did n't you, Lizzie? Go on, please, and don't forget the cricket."

"It is n't quite time for the cricket yet. Listen. That little crab got up on the tips of his claws, where he could see better, and thought about what he had seen for a moment. Then he said, 'Well, I never!' then settled down on his shell again. Then an idea entered his head, and what do you suppose it was?"

"I don't know. You tell me, please."

"He thought it would be a fine idea to go up to the bright green grass and find

FOR A GIRL'S AMUSEMENT

out more about that naughty girl to tell to his two hundred brothers and sisters, and also see what kind of a place People lived in. So away he went as fast as his legs could carry him, until suddenly he found himself on the edge of the bright green grass. 'Oh, how much softer this is than the yellow marsh-grass,' he said, and crawled along over it, all the time looking for the little girl. Suddenly he heard an awful noise like thunder, and he screamed, 'A storm. A storm is coming,' and a little chirrupy voice near him said, 'What makes you think so?'

"Was that the cricket?"

"Yes, Bunny, it was. And the crab looked at the cricket, and answered, 'I hear thunder; let's get into the water quick!' Then the cricket said, 'That isn't thunder, that is just the noise of horses' hoofs, and —' the crab could n't hear any more, because the noise grew so loud it drowned out the sound of the cricket's voice. Four beautiful horses dashed past, and then the crab understood, or he thought he understood, for he said to the



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

cricket, 'Those are the big animals that People chase up and down, are n't they? We see them from "Eight Pools," our summer home down there in the yellow marsh-grass.' 'Oh, do you live down in that horrid place?' the cricket asked. 'It is n't a horrid place; it's lovely down there, and this is horrid, because there is no water, nor stones, nor hermit crabs to chase!' That made the cricket angry, and he said, 'Well, what on earth are you up here for, if you think it horrid here?' The crab answered confidentially, 'I'll tell you. There is a little girl up here that comes to "Eight Pools" every day to catch us, and we all liked her because we always thought she was nice, but you will be surprised when I tell you I have found out that she is not nice, and I am going to find out for sure, and then tell my brothers and sisters to hide whenever she comes again.' Then the cricket said excitedly, 'Oh, I know her; she lives in the house over there, and she just went past here a moment ago, kicking and screaming in her nurse's arms.' 'Yes, that's the one I



LOUISE
Early Discoveries

FOR A GIRL'S AMUSEMENT

mean,' the crab replied. 'Well,' said the cricket, 'if that is why you are here, I'll help you to see her, but she won't be out again for an hour. She takes her nap at this time. Can you wait?' 'Yes, indeed, so long as I don't run dry, and I don't think that will happen,' the crab answered. 'Very well,' replied the cricket, 'suppose I show you what a beautiful place this is, and try to change your mind about it?' 'Oh, that will be very nice of you,' the crab said, very politely, and then he added, in a rather scared tone of voice, 'Oh, what is that noise?' 'What noise?' the cricket asked. 'It sounds like rain on top of the ocean,' the crab replied. 'Oh, that is nothing but the gardeners raking the gravel. They do that every time People chase horses down or up the walk, so you cannot see the streaks, nor footmarks,' the cricket replied. The crab pretended to understand, and said, 'Oh, yes, I see,' although he really didn't understand, but did not wish to appear stupid, you know."



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

"No, of course not. Go on, please. What did the cricket say then?"

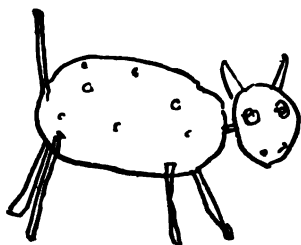
"He said, 'Come this way,' and he hopped into the air. 'Oh, dear,' the crab said, as he sidled along sideways, 'What a *very* funny way you walk;' and the cricket turned around in surprise, and looked at the crab walking sideways, and said, 'Oh, dear, what a *very* funny way you walk;' then they both laughed and joined their fingers, I mean claws, and antennæ together just as children do, and wished for something, because both said the same thing at the same time."

"Oh, do animals do that?"

"No, but this cricket and this crab had seen the little girl and her nurse do it lots of times, so you see it was perfectly natural that they should do it, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, I see. I wonder what they wished. Do you know?"

"Yes, I do. The cricket wished that the little girl who lived in the house would never break the blossoms in the garden where he lived with a stick, so he



FOR A GIRL'S AMUSEMENT

would not have to move his family again, and the crab wished that he could be mistaken about the little girl and find that she was good instead of naughty."

"Oh, those were nice wishes. That little girl ought to know about them. Can't you write to her, or telephone — telephone, that's it ; come, let's do it."

"Too late now, as you will see. Well, the crab and cricket went along together and spent a very pleasant hour looking at everything. The crab asked many questions and had several narrow escapes, but — "

"Oh, tell me about his narrow escapes ; please do, — but don't have him hurt, will you ?"

"All right, I will tell you about them. The first narrow escape was at the fish-pool. The cricket took him out on the bridge so he could look down and see the gold-fish and pond-lilies, and also see the fountain to better advantage, for the cricket was very proud of that fountain, you know. Well, an idea popped into the crab's head. He thought it



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

would be nice to jump in and get a supply of water to keep him from drying up so quick, and in he jumped. Then he found the water fresh, and got right up on a lily-pad, and said to the cricket, 'Oh, what awful water; wait and I'll get out.'

"Then he swam to the bank and tried to get out, but it was so smooth (cement, you know) and so straight up and down that he slid back many times. And perhaps he never would have gotten out at all if the cricket hadn't suddenly thought of a board that the little girl had put there for the turtle to climb up. That saved the crab, although he was very much frightened when he passed the turtles and big green frogs: but they paid no attention to him at all. Then the next narrow escape was when they crossed the lawns. A gardener saw the crab and picked him up quickly, scaring him half to death, but the man whom the crab had seen with the little girl was reading a book in a hammock, and heard him say, 'Don't touch that crab, John,



J. L. RUSSELL.

KATHERINE

Ready for a Walk



FOR A GIRL'S AMUSEMENT

it is one of the little girl's pets,' and John put it gently upon the grass."

"Oh, was n't that nice! Tell me some more of them."

"He only had two more. Up in the playground the monkey picked him up; but he pinched the monkey's finger so hard that the monkey dropped him quickly and ran chattering up to the tip-top of a tree. The last narrow escape was in the stables. The cricket had led the crab a long distance, keeping close to the walls, where it was safe, until they were pretty tired. They had only seen fifty or so of the two hundred horses when they both agreed to take a short cut to the door and get out quickly, and they did so. They had gotten about half-way when suddenly the stable boys and a coachman and a dog came in at another door, and the dog flew at the crab barking, and —"

"Now don't have him killed; remember, won't you?"

"Of course not. The dog was a bit frightened at those claws, and the coach-



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

man caught the dog and held him, saying, 'Now, Snip, you must n't touch the little girl's crab.' That was all the adventures the crab had. Well, pretty soon the little girl came out with her nurse, went to the man in the hammock, and said, 'Please come down to the float with me.' And the nurse said, 'No, you cannot go to the float again for two hours, because you would n't mind this morning.' Then, what do you suppose? That little girl just became naughty again, and remained so, and no one could do anything with her for a long time. The crab watched her all this time, and heard everything she said. Then, when he began to feel himself drying up, he bade good-bye to the cricket, thanked him for his courtesy, invited him to call at 'Eight Pools,' and raced home as fast as he could. As soon as he got to 'Eight Pools,' he told the other crabs all about his adventures, and what a naughty girl that little girl was, and they all decided to always run away from her in the future. There, that is all. How do you like it?"

FOR A GIRL'S AMUSEMENT

"Oh, very much. But I wonder if— if any of my crabs could have done that, too, because I also have been naughty. Do you think any have? I would n't want my crabs to run away from me, would I?"

"Perhaps none have been here to-day, but it is liable to happen at any time, or something else like it might happen, and you would be ashamed to have anybody or anything find you as naughty as that little girl, would n't you?"

"Yes, indeed, and I sha'n't be naughty any more, shall I?"

"I hope not."

"Well, will you come with me and ask the gardeners and the stable boys and everybody if they have seen a crab around here to-day?"

"Why, certainly, come along, dear."

"Come, Lizzie."





CHAPTER VIII

W-H-A-T I C-A-N D-O



CHAPTER VIII

W-H-A-T I C-A-N D-O

TWO bright brown eyes looked into mine, and their owner said to me, with all the optimism of five summers, "Do you know what I can do? I — I can do anything.

"There is n't anything that I can't do. I can hang from a trapeze by my legs. Did you know that? Isn't that a hard thing to do? And nobody has to take me down, either. They had to take Freddie down when he tried it, and he won't do it again. Did you know that? I think he is a regular 'fraid cat. That's what I think. Do you know, he cried just because he got a little scratch on his hand. Now I wouldn't do that, would I?

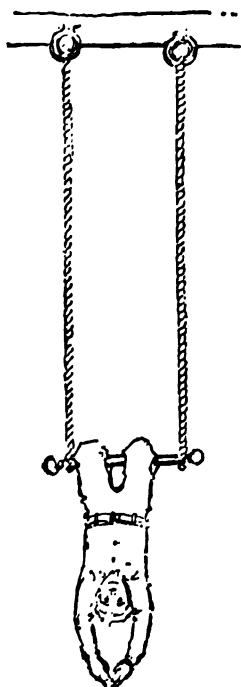
"You know I got a b-i-g bump on my shin, and it turned all black as ink, but

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

I didn't cry a bit, really I didn't. I never cry, do I? I wouldn't be such a baby. Oh, of course, I just have to sometimes, when I can't go to the circus with Harold and Ted, but I guess anybody would cry then, don't you think they would? That is different, you know.

"What else can I do? Oh, lots and lots of things. I can kill a whole lot of people. *Bang!* I would shoot 'em just like that. Burglars, you know. They have to be killed, and soldiers, too, don't they? I would kill them all myself, and not let them touch my papa or mamma, — or you either, or any one I love.

"When I grow up big, I'm going to be a real soldier. Wouldn't that be nice? Or perhaps I'll be an engineer. Oh, yes, that is what I will be, because then I can make an engine go; and if I was a soldier I could n't, could I? A soldier can't run engines, can he? He only can ride in the train, and the engineer can ride in the engine, way up front, and that's best, is n't it?



W-H-A-T I C-A-N D-O

“Do you know how I can make an engine go? I just squeeze a little thing with both hands like this, then I pull it. Then the engine goes choo—choo—choo—choo—choo—and that’s all. Papa let me do it once, that’s how I know. Papa owns a hundred thousand engines and trains, but he does n’t run even one of them himself. He says he has n’t time, because he has too many letters to write. Do you know, he said that when I get all grown up he would give me all of them, and I could run them myself—if I wanted to.



“Is n’t he just the dearest papa?

“Then do you know what I think I shall do? I shall only keep the engines myself, and give all the trains away to my friends. You may have some too. Would n’t you like that?

“Then you could go to e-v-e-r-y country in the w-o-r-l-d. Oh, no, you could n’t, because you would n’t have an engine, would you? I forgot that, did n’t I? I know what I could do. I could give you just one engine, just only one, you

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

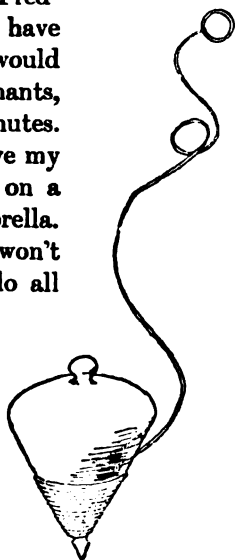
know. Perhaps it would be better, though, for me to keep all the engines myself, because — because some might wear out, and then I would need the others; but you could hitch your train to my engine, and we could go over all the whole world then, could n't we?



“When we got to the ocean we could swim across. Would n't that be fine? I can swim a million miles. Did you know that? I nearly did it at Lake Placid, but I got some water in my nose; then, of course, I had to stop, you know. I think I will put some cotton in my nose when we swim across those oceans. Oh, dear, I forgot. How could the engine get across? Let me see. Oh, I know now. I could hitch a string to it, and tie the other end right 'round my toe, and pull it across after I got there, don't you think so? Then, if there were no railroad tracks there, we need n't pull it over at all, we could just swim back and go home, you know, and play something else. We could ride horseback instead.

W-H-A-T I C-A-N D-O

"I can ride horseback. Did you know that? I can ride a really truly horse without anybody holding me. Papa holds me, but I don't want him to. I can ride all alone, and gallop too. I like it better when a horse gallops, don't you? The way they do in the circus, like this — galopty — galopty — galopty — galop. Oh, circus horses are the best kind. Circuses are awful nice, anyway. I think I'll be in a circus when I grow up, 'cause, you know, I might get tired of riding engines all the time, but in a circus I could do something else. If I got tired riding on a horse, I could stand on my head. I can do that now. Did you know that? Oh, it's real easy. Freddie can't, but I can, so I would n't have to learn that, would I? Perhaps I would have to learn to jump over the elephants, but I could learn that in five minutes. I can do all the rest easily, and I have my trapeze all bought. I could walk on a wire if I only had a Japanese umbrella. I'll ask papa to get me one. Oh, won't it be nice to be in a circus, and do all



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

those things, and go right into the lions' den, and make them shake hands with you, and jump through hoops? That's what I would do. I'd make the tigers do it too, wouldn't I? If they did n't do it, I'd whip them and make th— Oh, dear, there comes the grocer's dog that chased Freddie the other day. Freddie's a regular 'fraid cat, though, but I'm not. I'm not afraid, am I? I'm brave.

"Won't you please come in the house, though, because I can tell you better about the circus in there, can't I? — and I can show you some pictures of circuses too, and anyway, it's lunch time. Come quickly, please do."



CHAPTER IX

POOR WILLIE



CHAPTER IX

POOR WILLIE

MORTIMER and Arthur and Hélène and Alice and Katherine and Phelps and a dozen other little men and women were having a most glorious time playing their favorite game, robbers and policemen.

Out on the great stretch of lawns, overlooking the ocean, an occasional robber would dash from the cover of the bushes, from which he had been driven by the closely pursuing policemen.

Shrieks of mock terror from the robber ; and shouts of, "Catch him, catch him ! throw the lasso over him !" from the policemen ; and an occasional "Help ! help ! a prisoner is escaping !" from the guard on the tower, spread a feeling of contagion in the atmosphere, which grad-

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

ually drew all the spectators into the game, myself included.

I became a robber and was hunted over all the imaginary mountains and hills of this six acres of nature. Pursued by the ruddy cheeked officers of the law, in knickerbockers and skirts and real tin badges to indicate their office, I had to run for my very life for shelter in the depths of the primeval forest.

I found it a terribly difficult task to get back in safety to the robber's cave, because, being a "grown-up," I could be very easily seen over the tree-tops, most of which were only rose-bushes; but I had the satisfaction of getting pretty near there before being lassoed and led a captive to prison.

Considering that I was a robber, I think I was treated very considerately and nicely, for my captors laughed and chatted so gaily with me on the road to prison that I forgot that I was a monster robber; indeed one of them in skirts allowed me to help her up the very steep terraced embankment, and I am sure that



POOR WILLIE

was a very careless thing for a policeman (or a police-girl, rather) to do, and a very gallant thing for a robber to do.

Arriving at the summit, Mortimer shouted, "Ah, there is Willie looking on; let us have him for a robber."

"He won't. I know he won't, because I asked him, and his nurse said that he might get hurt," Arthur replied.

"Let's ask him, anyway," Melbert suggested.

Accordingly, we approached the pale little thin-legged chap of eight with "Come, Willie, come and have some fun. We need more robbers, as they are nearly all caught. Will you?"

Poor dependent Willie shrank closer to his nurse and looked up at her as though expecting her to answer for him, which she did by saying, "No, no, I am afraid you play too rough for Willie."

"We will be very careful of him," Hélène observed.

"All he has to do is to run and hide behind the bushes, and when we catch him, we just put this lasso around him



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

and drag him to a dungeon," Phelps added.

"And we will drag him very gently," Polly urged.

Willie began to show the slightest evidence of eagerness. His languid eyes opened wider, inquiringly, and his pale face flushed a little as a timid desire to play made itself felt within him.

My heart went out to Willie now. "Let him play," I urged the nurse.

"Ah, you don't know Willie, sir; he is so delicately reared. He is fine-strung and not a bit rough, and always gets hurt when he plays. That's the reason we keep him quiet. Once he nearly got his eye put out by stepping on a stick while he was running. It flew up within an inch of his head, sir. And another time a rock fell on his thumb-nail, and he had a dreadful time. Oh, it turned all black and —"

"Let him run and get some fresh air in his lungs. A few little hurts will teach him to take care of himself. Run along now, Willie, and hide behind a bush;



POOR WILLIE

quickly, now, before nurse changes her mind."

Like a sick chicken Willie loped across the grass, his thin little legs causing us much concern for fear they would break. There was, however, an indication of eagerness in his movements, which, if encouraged, would save him.

"See, sir, he is not strong, he is delicate, sir, delicately reared," the nervously anxious nurse said, as she walked quickly after him.

"Where are you going? Let him alone," I requested.

"I think I ought to keep my eye on him, sir. If anything should happen I could never forgive myself."

"Do you see other nurses trotting around after their charges?" I asked.

"No; but, sir, he is different from them; they're rougher and tougher than Willie. Willie is delicate."

"Now, Mary, listen to me. The reason Willie is delicate is because you make him so. You are spoiling, ruining him for life. By not letting him get a few bruises



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

now, you are unfitting him for all the really hard knocks in life; you are robbing him, not only of his boyhood and his health, but his manhood as well. He will never be a man. He will be an irresponsible fop, laughed at by women and shunned by men, and the very first blow that comes to him will drive him to suicide. Give him a chance to save himself, Mary."

Arthur reinforced this argument by saying, "If you don't he'll be a milksop, and I would n't be seen playing with a milksop."

"Sure, sir," Mary answered, "I'm not employed to do as I please, or I might have done differently years ago and made him as wiry and strong as these boys. I'm employed to do as his mother says, and I'm not anxious to lose my position. Talk to his mother, if you choose, sir, but until she gives me leave I must not let him out of my sight for two seconds."

Turning to my ferocious captors, I said, "Just let me off on parole on my honor and go after Willie."



POLLY

The Newest Member of the Saturday Club

POOR WILLIE

"All right, then; promise to go to prison!"

"I promise."

With a shout they sped toward the spot in the bushes where Willie disappeared, while I expostulated with Mary upon the folly of her course. Very soon, however, pale Willie broke cover, ran into the open, shouting and laughing in little hysterical squeaks, which was his nearest approach to laughter, as he tried to dodge his pursuers.

"There, Mary, see how happy it makes him to play like a boy. You have made a plant of him."

"Ah, sir, *see that rope*. I'm afraid they will hurt him with that rope. Boys, — boys, — be careful with Willie, now," Mary fairly screamed, as she rushed across the lawn where Willie, with more spirit than I thought him capable of, was struggling to free himself from the lasso.

Indeed, he had all but succeeded in doing so when suddenly it slipped, caught around his neck, and in another second he was on the ground, with the rope straining at his throat.



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

The nurse uttered a shriek, the rope slipped over Willie's head, and he was free, but there was a small red spot on Willie's ear. The rope had inflamed it slightly in passing.

Thus ended the game and one more tragedy added itself to Willie's career. Thus ended the fun, — and Willie's chance of redemption.

Mary took him to the pump for treatment.

"Say, do you know what I think?" Arthur said, with a tone of undisguised sarcasm. "I think he really is a regular milksop."

"So do I," ventured Phelps. "Let's vote him out of our Saturday Club, will you?"

"He has n't as much spunk as we girls," Polly volunteered.

Too bad. Here was the first evidence of Willie's misfortune in being shunned by his kind. And a lifetime of it will follow. *Poor Willie.*



CHAPTER X

THE CONQUEST OF STUART



CHAPTER X

THE CONQUEST OF STUART

“**T**ELL me another story. I want another.”

“Did you ask me a question, Stuart?”

“Yes, I did. I asked you to tell me a story.”

“Oh, did you? I must have misunderstood you. It seemed to me that you commanded me to tell you a story, and I thought you had forgotten what I told you yesterday. Now, what is it you would like to say to me; and remember what I told you yesterday.”

“I want you to tell me a story!”

“Oh! Well, I will tell you again, Stuart, that I never demand a favor of anybody. I ask it as politely as I know how, and whenever any one demands a

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

favor of me, I never grant it. I am sorry, but I shall have to refuse."

Then follows a long silence in which I pretend to read my paper, but in reality my mind is hard at work inventing a story that will help me in gaining the affection, respect, and mastery of this over-indulged, parent-spoiled boy.

In spite of myself, I cannot help liking Stuart. No one else seems to, unless it be his parents. His schoolmates shun him, grown-ups detest him and forbid their children playing with him. But I am perfectly convinced that this strong little twig needs only a little intelligent bending in the right direction to make him the equal, if not the superior, of his schoolmates, who shun him.

I can see great possibilities in Stuart, because of his natural brightness, and a very evident force of character.

The fault lies with his parents, not him. Never have I heard him corrected for any fault. Never have I heard politeness or consideration for others insisted upon, or rudeness reprimanded. I re-





DUDLEY

An Apple is Good Company if one cannot have Cake



THE CONQUEST OF STUART

member on one occasion, when he was extremely rude to a visitor, his mother said, "He is only a child, and those little things will correct themselves in time."

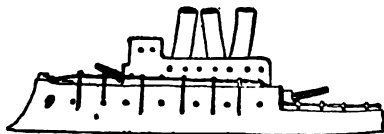
As a result no one could master him; no one could command him and meet with obedience. He did not comprehend the meaning of the word 'politeness.' He was a perfect little untamed animal.

Tamed, he would certainly be a lovable boy, for I had already half-tamed him for my personal benefit. Now to complete the process. Perhaps some more spontaneously invented stories about a certain imaginative character named "Selfish Freddie" might be of some help.

I think I will soon have an opportunity to try one, for Stuart makes overtures toward a resumption of our conversation, and finally asks, "Will you please tell me a story?"

"Why, gladly, Stuart," I answer; "what kind of a story would you prefer?"

"Do you know any more stories about Selfish Freddie?"



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

"Yes, indeed I do. I know lots and lots of them."

"Well, I want you to tell me one."

"There, have n't you forgotten again?"

"Oh, dear, yes, I have, but I don't like saying 'please' all the time; it is such a bover, a regular noosance, and my *papa* does n't make me say it, so why should *you*?"

"Does n't he?"

"No, he does n't. Yesterday I told him to bring me a Noah's Ark and a hairy horse that I could rock, and *he* just said, 'All right, Tootie, ol' man,' and he brought 'em home."

"Well, Stuart, my boy, your papa and I are different. People who want me to do favors for them ask me, not demand that I do them; otherwise, I refuse as I have told you. Understand?"

"Do your little girls ask you and say 'please'?"

"Indeed they do, and one of them is such a tiny tot that she cannot say 'please' plainly; she has to say 'p'ease,' and she says 'taatoo' for 'thank you,'



THE CONQUEST OF STUART

and she never forgets to say it, either. But remember, Stuart, I do not insist upon always saying 'please,' but I do insist upon being asked nicely, not commanded. Instead of saying 'I want you to tell me a story,' you could have said, 'Have you time to tell me a story?' or 'Would you like to tell me a story?' or just plain 'Will you tell me a story, please?' Do you see the difference?"

"Yes — yes, sir. Well, then, will you — kindly tell me one about Selfish Freddie?"

"Gladly, Stuart. I will with pleasure. Listen. When summer came, Freddie's papa and mamma took him to a lovely place in the country to spend the summer, where he had large grounds with trees and flowers, and a little fish-pond to fish in, and lots of such things. Very soon after he got there he discovered that three boys lived in the next place. Their grounds bordered on his, and he could see their house over the trees if he went up into the cupola of his house. Well, next day the three boys discovered him, also,



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

and they ran over to the border of their place to speak to him."

"Tell me — I mean, what did they say — please?"

"Oh, the same things that boys usually say under such circumstances. The three boys asked, 'Do you live here?' and Freddie answered, 'Yes.' Then they told each other their names, and —"

"What were the boys' names?"

"The oldest was Harry, the next was Arthur, and the youngest was James. James was a little fellow of four, and Harry was eleven, and Arthur was just Freddie's age."

"How old was that, please?"

"Freddie was eight."

"That's just my age, too. Did you know it? What did they do then?"

"The three boys invited Freddie to come and see them, and Freddie said, 'No, you come and see me first, because I have lots and lots of playthings, and I want to show them to you.' The three boys agreed to come next morning, providing their mamma was willing, and as



BARBARA

Sunshine and Music and the Perfume of Flowers—and Barbara

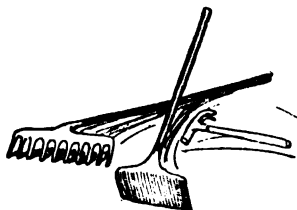
THE CONQUEST OF STUART

she did not object, they trooped over to Freddie's house to have some fun. 'Hooray!' Freddie shouted, 'now we'll have great fun. Come and I'll show you my playthings;' and away they all trooped joyously to the piazza, where most of them were kept in a long closet.

"'See!' Freddie exclaimed, 'here is a game called bagatelle. You put a marble in here and pull this spring, and then the marble goes in one of these places, and see,—there are numbers on each place, and if you hit the bell you get a hundred.' Now, these three boys did not happen to have a bagatelle-board among their games, so they were naturally interested in it. They stepped up to try it, thinking, of course, that Freddie would be delighted to have them do so. But what do you suppose Freddie did?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I'll tell you. He put his arms around the board, so they could n't touch it, and said, 'Now, you all sit down and we will play a game, and Harry will keep score, and I'll have first turn because it is

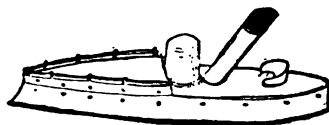


THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

my board.' You should have seen the three boys look at each other in surprise. They were quite shocked, but still they sat down and watched Freddie take his first turn. 'Bing!' went the marble, and they all watched it go around the board, down among the pegs, clear to the bottom, where it only scored four. Harry said, 'Four,' and started to put it down, but what do you suppose Freddie did? He shouted, 'Oh, we won't call that, because — because that marble was a blue one, and it wasn't big enough, and really it ought to be a glass one.' You see he was not satisfied to take what he honestly got, so he invented some lame excuse to get a chance to try again. You should have seen the surprised look upon those boys' faces then."

"What did they say?"

"Not one word. They were little gentlemen, and could not understand such actions, much less could they quarrel over a marble or a game. Well, Freddie shot again, and this time he got a hundred, the highest on the board, which pleased

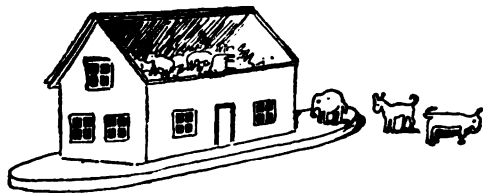


THE CONQUEST OF STUART

his three guests very much indeed, and they were about to say, 'That's fine, you got a hundred,' and such things, but they didn't get an opportunity, for Freddie jumped up and down, shouting, 'Oh, I've got a hundred, I've got a hundred; that's more than you can get.' Harry looked at Arthur and smiled as he put the hundred down; then Freddie said, 'Now, Harry, you are next.' Then do you suppose Harry took his turn?"

"Yes. Did n't he?"

"No, indeed. He said, 'If you don't mind, I would prefer that James should shoot first, then Arthur, and myself afterward.' That was because he was oldest, and he wished to have his younger brothers come first, you know. Then Freddie shocked them more than ever by saying, 'No, James is too little to play this game, and four is so many it will take too long to get our turns. Just we three big ones play, shall we?' Then little James, who was really aching to try a shot, and who had been patiently waiting like a little man, took out his handkerchief and be-



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

gan to cry ; but he stopped right away, for his two older brothers said that they did not care to play unless James did. 'All right,' Freddie said, 'if he has got to be a cry-baby we'll let him play!' Now, was n't that a rude and selfish and ill-mannered way to treat a guest? What do you think?"

"Well, was n't it Freddie's board, and could n't he do as he chose?"

"Yes, it was his board and just because it was his board he should have been the very last to use it; and, as the three boys were his guests, he should have allowed them first use of it. Don't you think so? Well, James took his turn and got thirty, and Freddie said, 'Oh, you only got thirty,' forgetful of the fact that his hundred was not earned fairly. The same thing happened with Arthur and Harry when their turns came. Then Freddie got eighty, and he still bragged over it, while the other boys wondered and wondered what kind of a boy Freddie was. Now, the next time Freddie shot, he only got fifteen, and then



MORTIMER

THE CONQUEST OF STUART

he said something about the marble being cracked, and wanted to try again, but Harry said, very quietly, 'If you wish two turns, take them; we don't mind,' and Freddie very selfishly took them. Naturally, then, he had the largest score when all was added up, which pleased him so much that he ran to the window, and shouted, 'Mamma, Mamma, I beat the game! I beat the game!' Now, don't you think that was very rude to his guests, as well as an unfair way of playing?"

"Yes, it was, because they gave him two shots to his one. I wouldn't do such a thing, would I?"

"I should hope not, Stuart; but that is not the worst thing that Freddie did. Listen. While he was telling his mamma that he beat the game, Arthur saw a box which was filled with a lot of little boxes, fitting inside of each other, all of which were covered with pictures; and, as they interested him, he naturally took them apart to look at them. Harry also interested himself in a world puzzle, made



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

of little pieces, which, when put together, made up the map of the world. Now when Freddie saw the boys doing these things, he rushed toward them, and shouted, peevishly, 'Now, I don't want you to touch those things, because they are mine. I'll show them to you, but you must n't touch them, only when I tell you to, so they will not get broken.'

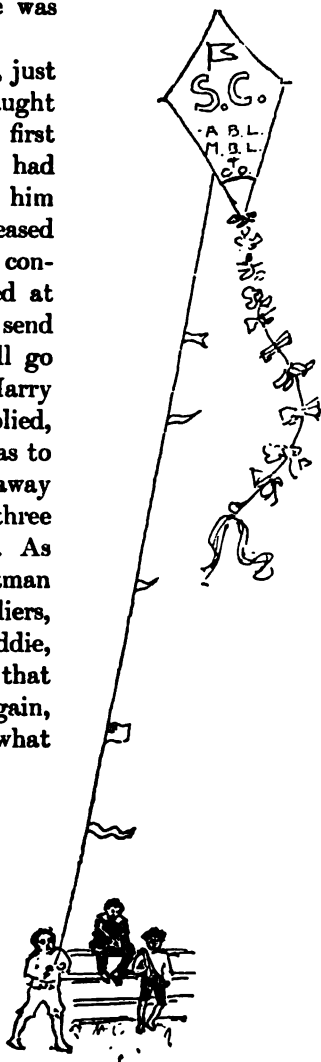
"Arthur and Harry were very much surprised, indeed, and told him politely that they were sorry if they had offended him, but they liked the things very much, and did n't think he would object to their playing with them, especially as he had invited them over for that purpose. That made Freddie feel just a little bit ashamed of himself, and he told them that they could play with a lot of old broken soldiers that were thrown in a corner; to which Harry replied, 'Thank you, but we have a whole army of new soldiers, and a hundred regiments of old ones ourselves, and if those are all you have, we would be pleased to send you some of our new ones.'"

THE CONQUEST OF STUART

"Oh, I wouldn't have done that, if I were Harry, because that Freddie was so mean."

"Well, Harry could not be mean, just because Freddie was. Harry was taught to be generous always, and his first thought, when he saw that Freddie had only a few old soldiers, was to give him some of his new ones. That pleased Freddie, who, without stopping to consider how selfish he had been, asked at once, 'Will you? When will you send them?' 'Right away, now; we will go home now and send them to you,' Harry answered. 'All right,' Freddie replied, joyously, thinking only of what he was to get. Glad of the opportunity to get away gracefully from such a boy, the three brothers joined hands, and went home. As soon as they arrived, they sent a footman over to Freddie's house with the soldiers, and told their mamma about Freddie, and how selfishly he had acted, and that they never wished to call upon him again, nor have him call upon them. Then what do you suppose their mamma said?"

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THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

"I don't know. What did she say — please?"

"She said, 'Don't you think it would be a good idea, boys, to invite him over here, and teach him a lesson by showing him how you treat your guests, which is just the opposite to the way he treated you? When he says he likes a thing, you say, "If you like it and have n't one, we would be pleased to have you accept it," and when you play a game let him have first turn, and do as he pleases, until he cannot fail to notice how selfishly he is acting.' That pleased the boys very much indeed, so much so that they could not wait till next day. 'Let it be this afternoon,' they said. So Harry wrote the invitation, and Arthur added his signature, and James made a 'J' under that, and away went the footman again with the note. Surely enough; when two o'clock came, Freddie was seen coming up the driveway, and the boys ran eagerly to meet him. They were so full of enthusiasm about —"

"What does 'en-thusiasm' mean, please?"



MORE BUDS

What would the World's Gardens be like without such Fair Blossoms?

THE CONQUEST OF STUART

"It means eagerness, joyful interest in what one is doing. They were so eager to try the experiment, you see, that it seemed as though they were very fond indeed of Freddie, and Freddie himself was very much surprised at this, because never before had boys ever run to meet him in such a joyful way. You know why, don't you?"

"Yes; because he was so selfish that he lost all his friends, and they would n't play with him, and they called him 'Selfish Freddie,' which made him so mad that he threw stones at them. But that was in the other stories, where he was in town. Go on, please."

"Well, the boys took him up on their piazza, and just let him do as he pleased with their playthings. Oh, how astonished he was to see what nice things they had, and what a lot of them. But he was very much more astonished when, after having a lot of fun with a beautiful little music-box, which he said he liked, Harry said, 'Well, if you like it, and have n't one, I would be pleased to have



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

you accept it.' It astonished him beyond anything he had ever heard of before, and he put it in his pocket, with a pleased look, and did not even say 'thank you' for it. Now was that nice?"

"No, it was n't. I think every boy ought to say 'thank you' for things, don't you?"

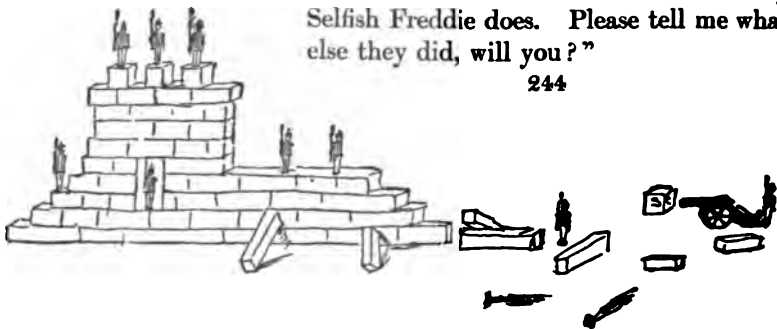
"Indeed I do. Otherwise how is one to know whether the boy is pleased for what you have done for him? So should grown-ups say so. Suppose you gave me your new whistle, and I should take it and put it in my pocket without saying a word to you, would you be pleased?"

"No, I would n't, and I am going to say 'thank you' and 'please,' and tell papa and mamma to make me say them, too."

"Don't you always do so, Stuart?"

"Well, not always. Sometimes I forget to, but I won't any more, because I think the way Harry and Arthur and James do is so much better than the way Selfish Freddie does. Please tell me what else they did, will you?"

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THE CONQUEST OF STUART

"Gladly, Stuart. They all played a game which Freddie said he liked better than any game he ever played, and Arthur astonished him again by saying, 'Well, if you like it, and have n't one, I should be delighted if you would take mine.' Then Freddie took that. Pretty soon they played coasting down the walk in express-wagons, and as there were but three wagons, Harry and James coasted together, which pleased James very much. After they were through coasting, Freddie said, 'Oh, dear, I wish I had a wagon to coast in.' Then what do you suppose James said?"

"I don't know."

"He stepped right up and said, 'I sood be vewy much p'leased if you would take my wagon if you like it, an' you has n't got one.' Freddie was so surprised at such generosity that he just had to say something, because he was a little bit ashamed of himself to think of taking James' wagon; so he said, 'I would like to have it, but then you won't have any;' to which James replied, 'Oh,



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

that does n't matter, 'cause I can coast wiv Harwy, and it is lots of fun.' Then Freddie took the cart, and actually said 'thank you,' and that was the first time he had ever said that word without being told to say it. Naturally, it pleased the boys to see him improve, so they gave him everything that he liked, until finally, when he went home, the cart would hardly carry the things. Now see what happened next. The three boys told their mamma about what they had done, and how happy it made them feel to be so generous to that selfish boy, and mamma was very much pleased indeed. Then next morning, bright and early, an expressman left a big bundle full of play-things, music-boxes, games, etc., for the boys; also a brand-new express-wagon with brass rails, and two seats in it."

"Oh, that was nice, was n't it?"

"Yes, indeed, but nice things are continually happening to generous, gentlemanly, polite people, you know, and hardly ever to selfish people. Now see what happened to Freddie. He got home



DUDLEY

Tick-Tick-Tick-Tick



THE CONQUEST OF STUART

with all those things, and played with them on his piazza, and coasted in his wagon all that afternoon, and started to do so next morning ; but soon he began to realize that he was n't having half as good a time playing alone, as when he played with the three boys, and he wanted to go back. But, do you know, just as soon as he thought of those boys again, he felt ashamed, because it occurred to him how generous they were, and how considerate they had been in letting him be first with everything, while he did just the opposite. He thought of his bagatelle-board, and boxes, and world game, and the more he thought of them the more ashamed he grew. Finally, when he was about as unhappy as he could be, he said to himself, 'I wonder if that is why all the boys in my school will not play with me, and why they call me Selfish Freddie. Oh, dear, I wish — I wish I had let them play with my things more. I wish I had given them the things they liked too.' And then what do you suppose happened to Freddie ? ”



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

“What?”

“Why, as soon as he thought that nice, generous thought, something nice happened to him. Instead of feeling miserable and unhappy, he felt happy all at once, and when he realized it, he said, ‘Oh, I know what I’ll do,’ and down he jumped from his wagon, and piled the bagatelle-board and boxes and world game into it, and fairly ran down his driveway and up the three boys’ driveway with them. The boys saw him coming and ran to meet him. After exchanging greetings, Freddie said, ‘I thought you might like the world game, Harry, so I brought it. Will you accept it?’ ‘Gladly, and I thank you very much indeed,’ Harry replied. That made Freddie feel happier than he had felt for a long time, and he said, ‘I thought you might like these boxes, Arthur, so I brought them. Will you accept them?’ ‘Indeed I will, if you wish me to. Thank you very much.’ Freddy was growing so happy he could hardly speak, but he managed to say, ‘I brought this bagatelle-

THE CONQUEST OF STUART

board and marbles for you, James. Will you accept them?' and James replied, 'Oh, tsank you, tsank you for the game and for the s'pwise party, 'cause I like s'pwise parties.' Then Freddie said, 'And I just could n't keep your wagon, James, because it made me feel bad to think you had n't one, so I brought it back to you.' James clapped his hands in glee, for an idea popped into his little head, and he said, 'All right, I'll take it back if you will let me give you somefing else that I have up on the piazza, will you?' 'Yes, indeed,' Freddie said, gladly, and James led the way to the piazza, where he showed the bright new wagon with brass rails and beautifully painted stripes. 'There it is, Fweddle.' And Freddie, of course, was so pleased and surprised and delighted that he could hardly speak, and he said, 'Thank you' a dozen times, and wanted James to keep the new one and let him take the old one, but James would n't. So you see what nice things happened to all of them for having generous thoughts. James gave his wagon



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

to Freddie and got a better one, and Freddie gave it back and he got a better one. Harry and Arthur gave him play-things, and they got a lot more from New York, and Freddie brought some more to them. But that was not the best part of it. The three boys who treated Selfish Freddie so generously got a nice playmate to play with ; for Selfish Freddie was almost cured of his selfishness. I will tell you in to-morrow's story how he was entirely cured, shall I ? ”

“ Yes, if you will, but please tell me why James gave the nice new wagon with brass rails to Freddie, when the other one would do ? ”

“ That is just what James' mamma asked him, and what do you suppose he answered ? He said, ‘ Oh, I didn't want to have a pwettier wagon than Harwy and Arfur. ’ Now, wasn't that a good reason ? ”

CHAPTER XI

WHY?

? ? ? ? ?



CHAPTER XI

WHY?

? ? ? ? ?

“**O** H, Papa! Papa! What is the funny noise I hear inside of sister?”

“That is her heart beating.”

“What does it say bump — bump — bump — for?”

“It has to make that noise because it is pumping the blood all through her little body.”

“But why don’t I have one? I want one, too.”

“You do have one, sweetheart; everybody has one.”

“*Why?*”

? ? ? ? ?

“Does a brook run all night?”

THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

"Certainly, dear ; it could n't stop at night."

" *Why ?* "

? ? ? ? ?

"Papa, would anything happen to me if I ate two plates of ice-cream and some candy and cookies and a pickled lime and just one little apple then swung on a swing?"

"Yes ; I think you would have a very bad stomach-ache."

" *Why ?* "

? ? ? ? ?

"Papa, why do crows always say the same thing?"

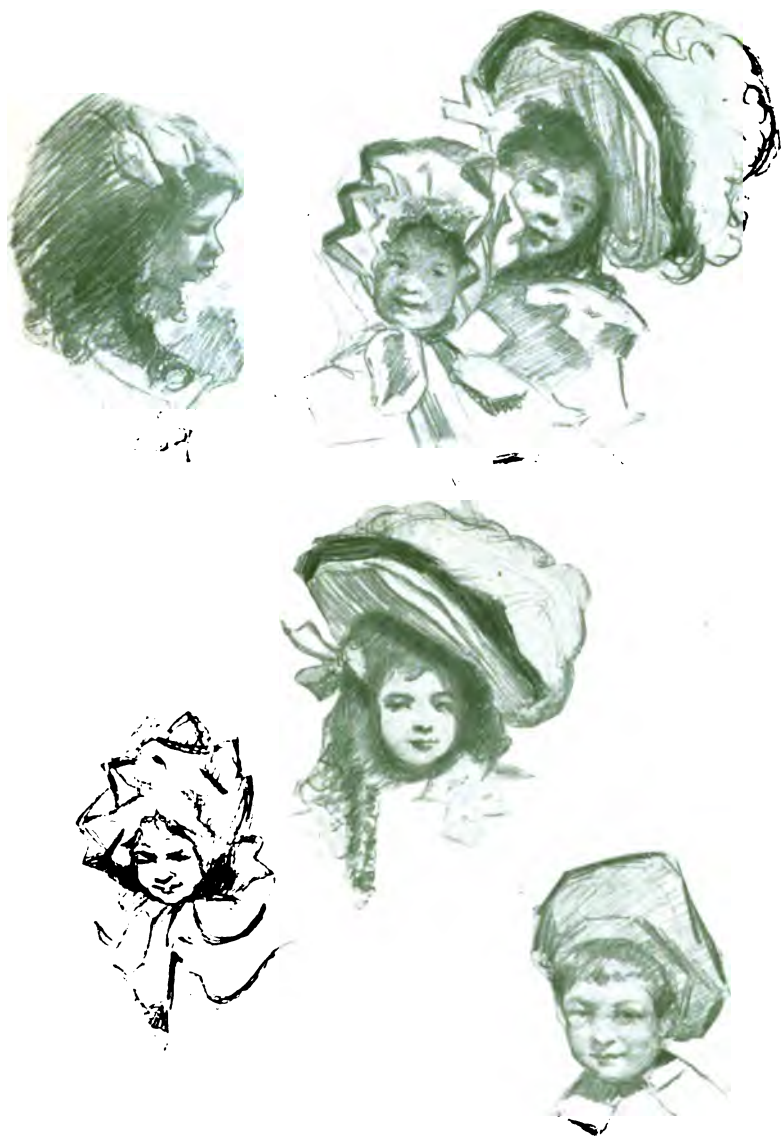
"Because they are crows, dear. Each bird has its own particular note, and that is the crow's own particular one."

" *Why ?* "

? ? ? ? ?

"How do fishes live down under the water? I could n't."

"The reason you cannot is because you have to breathe air right through your dear little nose, and fishes have gills to breathe through which takes the air



TWIGS

These are they who ask Questions



WHY?

out of the water for them. You have no gills, you know."

"How did they get their gills, and why don't I have some?"

"They were made to grow on fishes just because they needed them, just as horns were made to grow on a cow. You don't need them, nor do you need horns, so they do not grow on you, dear. You cannot have all the funny things that every animal has, you know."

"*Why?*"

? ? ? ? ?

"Papa, why does a turtle have all his legs and his head and his tail tucked under his back?"

"So his enemies won't bite them off, dear."

"Would they bite them off?"

"Yes, they might."

"*Why?*"

? ? ? ? ?

"Shouldn't you think that it would hurt that cow to moo so?"

"Oh, no, not at all."

"*Why?*"



THE BENDING OF THE TWIG

? ? ? ? ?

"Why did God make apples green before he made them red?"

"I presume it was to let little people know that green ones were not ripe, so they would not eat them and have a stomach-ache."

"Well, why do they give you a stomach-ache?"

"Because the juice is very sour and acid."

"Well, why *is* it sour and acid?"

"That is the nature of *all* unripe fruit."

"*Why?*"

? ? ? ? ?

"What animals have potatoes, Papa?"

"What do you mean, dear?"

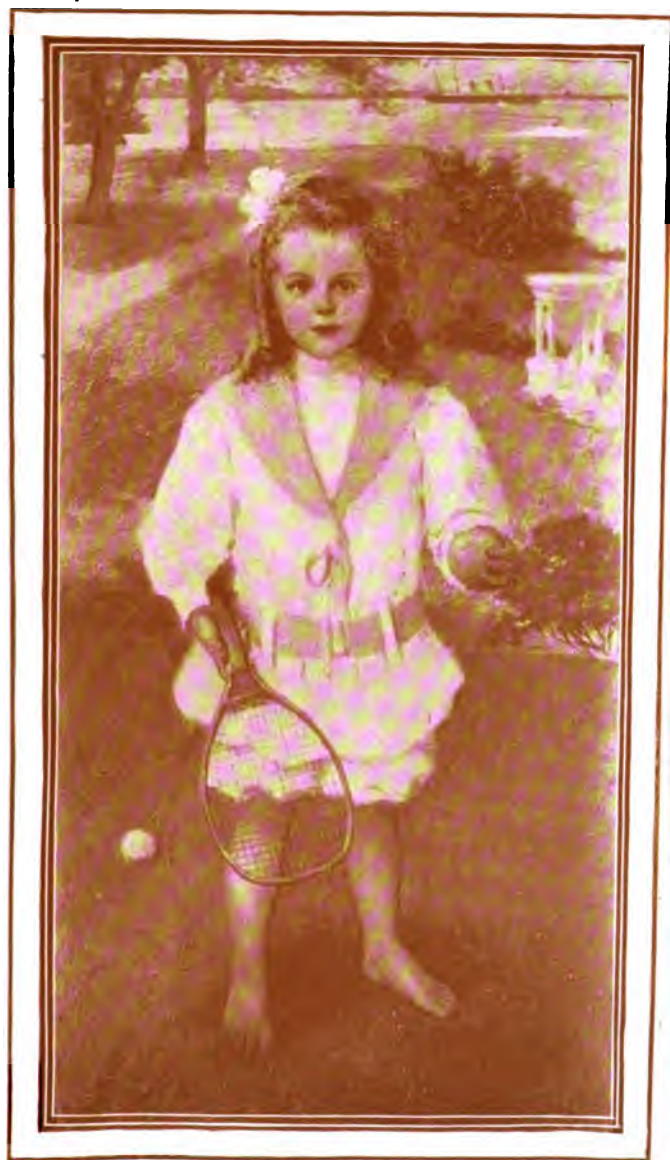
"Why, I mean, pigs give pork and ham and bacon, and cows give milk, and I want to know what gives potatoes?"

"Potatoes grow in the ground, like turnips and carrots."

"Don't they come off of animals like chops?"

"Oh, no, dear, not at all."

"*Why?*"



"JUNIOR"

A Candidate for Future Tennis Championship

WHY?

? ? ? ? ?

"Papa, were you mamma's papa when she was little?"

"Oh, no, my child."

"*Why?*"

? ? ? ? ?

"What are toadstools, anyhow? Do toads have them to sit on?"

"No, I don't think toads ever sit on them at all."

"*Why?*"

? ? ? ? ?

"Papa, who named everything? Did God?"

"Oh, no. People named things."

"Well, how did they do it?"

"Just by making up names, I think."

"Well, suppose they did n't have enough to go around, what would they do?"

"Oh, make up some more, I think."

"Do they get paid for naming things?"

"Oh, no, of course not."

"*Why?*"

? ? ? ? ?

"Papa, do kangaroos *like* to be kangaroos?"



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"Why, I should think so."

"Do baby kangaroos like to be kangaroos too?"

"Of course they do, just as much as you like being a little girl. Why?"

"Oh, 'cause they have to ride in pockets all the time, and their mamma jumps—oh, dreadful far with them. Papa, did God make the pockets with his jack-knife?"

"Oh, no, dear; God does not have such things as jack-knives."

"Why?"

? ? ? ? ?

"Papa, what will I say the very last thing before I die? Will I say good-bye?"

"I don't know, dear. Different people say different things."

"Why?"

? ? ? ? ?

"Papa, I killed a bee one day to see what was inside him, and he was *solid*. What do you think of that? Are all bugs solid inside?"

"Oh, yes, dear."

"Why?"



MORTIMER

A Sketch



WHY?

? ? ? ? ?

"Papa, why does n't *everybody* have fathers and grandfathers?"

"They do, sweetheart."

"Well, my Sunday-school teacher said that Adam did n't have any. Why did n't he?"

"Because he was supposed to be the first man."

"Well, why *was* he the first man?"

"I'm not really sure that he *was*, dear. The Bible says so, but people think that it was just meant for a very interesting story, and perhaps he did have a father."

"Then why did teacher say he did n't?"

"She and I may disagree; that means, think differently. People often do that."

"Why?"

? ? ? ? ?

"How big will I be in a hundred million years?"

"You don't live a hundred million years."

"Why?"

"Because people never live more than one hundred years."



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"Well, how big *would* I be if I *could* live a hundred million years?"

"Really I could n't tell."

"Would n't I be as big as a church?"

"No."

"*Why?*"

? ? ? ? ?

"What keeps the sun lighted up, the United States?"

"Oh, no, dear, God made it that way, and it is lighted all the time."

"Well, what does he do with it at night?"

"He causes it to go around on the other side of the world."

"*Why?*"

? ? ? ? ?

"Why do splinters get in people's fingers?"

"Because they are not careful, sweetheart."

"Well, if they should n't come out would people get dead from them same as bullets?"

"Oh, no, indeed."

"*Why?*"



HELEN

Sailing Boots in the Park



WHY ?

? ? ? ? ?
"Daddie, does it hurt to be dead?"

"Well, that is a very funny question for a little girl to ask."

"Why?"

? ? ? ? ?
"Papa, how do angels get their wings?"

"I really do not know, my dear."

"Why?"

? ? ? ? ?
"Papa, won't you please kill all the lions and tigers, and — cows, and — things in the w-h-o-l-e world?"

"Why, what do you want them killed for?"

"Because they get into my dreams and scare me in the night."

"But killing them would n't keep you from dreaming."

"Why?"

"Because you would still think of them and dream of them just the same."

"Why?"

"Oh, because you are not afraid of *real* lions in the daytime, it is only the



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make believe ones in dreams which scare you."

"*Why?*"

"I'm afraid I cannot explain *just* why."

"*Why?*"

? ? ? ? ?

"Why do hairs grow on men's faces and not on women's?"

"Because women would not look so well with hair on their faces."

"Do men look better with them?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, why do they cut them off?"

"*All* men do not cut them off; some keep them on."

"Then are *they* the best looking?"

"Not — er — necessarily, no —"

"*Why?*"

? ? ? ? ?

"Papa, could I fly if I had wings?"

"Certainly."

"Well, why *don't* I have them, then?"

"Because you are not a bird."

"Well, why don't I have them just the same, so I *could* fly?"



JACK

My Model for Cupid

WHY ?

"Because Nature did not intend that you should."

"Who is 'Nature'?"

"Nature is the power that made you and all other nice things."

"Oh! I thought that was God."

"God and Nature and Love are all the same, dear?"

"O-h! — *Why?*"

? ? ? ? ?

"Why do pussies rattle inside, Papa?"

"That is to show that they are happy."

"Don't they rattle when they are not happy?"

"No, dear."

"*Why?*"

"That is another thing which Nature planned that way."

"Well, if they are happy when they rattle inside, what *do* they stop for and get *unhappy*? Then if they *do* get mis-able, why don't they rattle to get happy again?"

"Well, dear, that is a *terribly* hard question to answer."

"*Why?*"



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? ? ? ? ?

"Papa, I punched my dolly's eyes in;
can she sleep now?"

"Oh, yes, I guess so."

"Why?"

"Because dollies can do most anything
you want them to. Good-night, sweet-
heart; kiss daddy good-night."

"*Dear* old daddie,—good-night. — Oh,
Papa, may I have just one light turned
on?"

"Oh, no, dear."

"*Why?*"



CHAPTER XII

A HOLIDAY



CHAPTER XII

A HOLIDAY

“**T**HE best time I ever had in my life was yesterday. Do you know what I did? I went to that beach where Luna Park is, with Mr. Lorrillard and Melbert, and we did everything there was to do, and some of them twice. Have you ever been there? Well, you know that trip to the moon? No? *Did n't* you see that? Well, you just better go again and see it then, because it is the very best thing there. Oh, it's just *awful* wonderful. I'm surprised that you did n't go to that right off, first thing. We did. We had seen pictures of an air-ship going over the moon, and it made us just crazy to see what it was like. You know that it is n't true; you don't really fly up over

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the moon, because you could n't, anyway, for there is n't any air after you get a few miles up, and the ship could n't fly and you could n't breathe.

"But you *think* you are going, anyway, and really, it's *just* as good. You get in a boat with a whole lot of people, and the captain makes a speech about what you are going to see. Then a sailor unhitches a rope and the boat begins to rock, and big things called *aëroplanes* go up and down, and you get quite excited and hold on tight, for you think something is going to happen. Then the most wonderful part of it happens. You think you are going up over New York City, but you are *not*. What do you suppose makes you think so? Melbert and I found out right away, without Mr. Lorrillard telling us. You know New York is painted on a canvas all around the boat, and the people roll the canvas down gradually, so New York goes down, and it makes *you* feel as though *you* are going up; just like thinking *your* train is going when it is really the

A HOLIDAY

next one to it that is going and you have n't started at all—see? Well, it's just the same on that boat.

“You think you are going up but it's the scenery that is going down, and they only rock the boat to fool you and make you think you are going up. Well, pretty soon you can't see New York at all, because you are way up in the clouds; then it rains, and it thunders-and-lightnin's, and they have electric displays afterward that are *fine*. Then the stars come out and everybody claps their hands just as they do in a theatre, because it looks so nice and real. Then the captain shouts, 'Here comes the moon!' and really, you look down and see the moon below you, and you are falling down on it. Of course the scenery goes up then and makes you think *you* are going down. Then the finest part of it comes, because you go right on the moon and see the moon-people, the funniest people you *ever* saw.

“You know the people on the moon live way down in caves under mountains, and



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they make awful funny noises, instead of speaking, and some of them *scare* you dreadfully, especially when you go around a corner suddenly and one jumps out at you and says '*sksss*'—just like that. Oh, they do lots of queer things of that sort.

"Did you know they *eat* people up on the moon? No? Well, neither did I until I took that trip; but I saw them roasting a person right over real hot coals. One of the dwarf moon-people spoke English, and he told me so.

"But perhaps he didn't know, because—do you know what I think? I think they never could have gotten those people from the moon at all; they just got them from circuses and dressed them up and taught them those funny noises. Don't you think so? I asked Mr. Lorillard, and he said he would inquire for me, to make sure, but he forgot. But I know without his asking, because I saw one of them who could n't speak English at all, on the moon, buying popcorn outside on the grounds and talking like any

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one else; and another one rode down the shutes once when I did.

"Have you ever shot the shutes? Well, *isn't* it fun? Did n't it make you feel queerer than you *ever* felt in your life? That's what I like about it. It would n't be any fun at all if it did n't just make you hold your breath until you just could n't hold it any longer; and when you got to the bottom and *didn't* tip over at all or get wet a bit, did n't it surprise you? It did *me*. I thought just surely that I would get a good dousing. I guess Mr. Lorrilard liked shooting the shutes as well as we did, because he let us try it seven times.

"Do you know why Mr. Lorrilard is so nice to go with to such a place? It's because he lets us do what we want to, no matter if it does cost a whole lot. He says, 'Now, boys, this is for *your* fun, not mine, so do whatever you like, so long as it doesn't hurt you'—like eating things, you know. Of course he would n't let us eat things that we ought not to eat, like all those chocolate car-



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amels and pepsin gum things that we get out of the slot machines, but he lets us get them to take home in our pockets to eat after meals, if mamma says we may.

"And that's what I like about Mr. Lorillard, he is n't *stingy*. I hate stingy people that won't let you do things that cost something. Why, do you know what he did when we started? He changed a five-dollar bill all into nickels and dimes and quarters, and told us that if that was n't enough, there were more bills that he could change, and we must have a real good time.

"Well, we did. We did everything that there *was* to do. You know all those scenic railroads, where you go through caves and grottoes, and things light up as you go by, and everybody yells? Well, we did all of those, and ate molasses corncakes while we went around. Molasses corncakes won't hurt you at all, because they're not like green apples which give you a stomach-ache, nor like chocolate things that are very sweet.

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They are just corn, you know, and that is why Mr. Lorrillard lets us eat them. Then, besides, mamma said we might.

"Do you like those molasses corncakes? You haven't tried them? Well, for *goodness'* sake you try them the very next time you go down there. You get the best ones outside the Johnstown Flood place, from a man who has tattoo things all over his arm. Now remember that when you buy them, and if you ask him, perhaps he will show them to you.

"He showed them to us and they were *fine*. I wanted him to put some on my arm, and he said, 'All right, wait till I get my needles.' Now did you know they used needles for tattooing? I didn't. Well, anyway, when he said that, I told him that I wouldn't have time to have it done *that* afternoon as I wanted to see the Johnstown flood. But really, if it didn't hurt I would like to have a bow and arrow, an American flag, and a boat and a kite tattooed on my arm. Don't you think that would be nice? I would have the tail of the kite twisted around



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and around my arm all the way down to my wrist.

"I tried that to see if I would like it, and it looked just startling.

"Robert Sewell did it with his father's oil paints, and I thought I would *never* get it off. His father is an artist, you know, so he can get all the paints he wants.

"But really, sometime I think I will have something tattooed on my arm, just to show that I'm not afraid. Would n't you?

"But here I am forgetting all about what I was telling you. What was I talking about? Oh, yes! I know. We went into the Johnstown Flood place, and really, it was terribly interesting and exciting. I did n't think it would be at first, because there was only a man talking, and Johnstown was a little town of scenery on a stage. But the man began to talk, then the fire and smoke came out of the factory chimneys, and the signal lights lighted on the railroad tracks, and — stars came out, and — oh, I forgot to

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tell you that this was supposed to be the day before the flood. They went right through the whole day, then the night; and next day was the flood, and *that's* the part you are waiting to see. Gee, but was n't it exciting! A man rides down the valley harder'n ever Paul Revere dared to ride, shouting, '*Fly to the hills, the dam is busted!*' or something like that; then zip comes the water, and houses just turn themselves upside down; and it gets darker in the place, and you get so excited you forget to eat your molasses popcorn cakes. Really, you do get excited just as though you went to a real flood, because they have a lot of painted, sliding things that you really think is water; and you never think about the houses being on hinges till afterward, when you go up to look at them. That is what I did, because I wanted to know how they did it, and the man let me help set the houses up for the next show.

"Don't you think he was nice? They give a flood every half-hour, and you may stay twice or ten times, if you wish.



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We did n't, though, because we had so many other things to see that we didn't see half of them even. But that was partly because we got lost in the mirror place and could n't get out. We thought we would have to stay there all night and not have any supper. You see it is what they call a maze. A lot of mirrors are everywhere, and you think you are walking along a long hall, when suddenly you find yourself running right into *yourself* in a mirror. Then you have to turn. Pretty soon you are lost and you just keep on wandering around, running into yourself and other people whom you don't really see, because they are somewhere else, until you come to a sign saying 'This way out.' Then you look in that direction and, sure enough, there is the door and the man who sells tickets. Then you're so glad that you just get excited and *run*. I did, anyhow. I ran *plunk* into my own nose in a mirror and made it bleed. What—the mirror? No, of *course* the *mirror* did n't bleed; it was my nose. I got kind of scared then, be-

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cause I had lost Melbert and Mr. Lorillard, and I wanted to get out, because, don't you know, we were going down in the coal-mine and they might have been waiting for me. That's why I ran, you know — but I was more careful the next time. Do you know that door was a big April Fool? No, not quite that, because it was really there, but you had to go a dozen times or more before you saw the *real* door, and when I saw the real door I thought that that was a reflection, also, and went carefully up to it and was quite surprised to find that I was really outside — and there were Melbert and Mr. Lorillard changing another five-dollar bill to pay for some more fun. You should have seen them laugh at me for having got lost. Oh, they thought that was great fun, but I did n't let them get the best of it, for I pretended I did n't see them, and had some fine fun with them by just walking off as though I did n't see them. Melbert hollered 'Hey! Come here, you grasshopper;' and Mr. Lorillard whistled and *whistled*,



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then he shouted my name so I could have heard him if I was dead; but I did n't even turn my head toward them. I just looked past 'em and then walked toward the camels, until Mr. Lorrillard got scared, for fear I would get lost, I guess, and came after me. *Then* do you know what I did? I did a startling thing; anyway, it surprised Mr. Lorrillard. I jumped right on to one of the camels and rode off around the whole place! Oh, it was just — well, have you ever ridden on a camel? No? Then you try it sometime. It is n't like riding any other animal. A horse, you know, makes you bob up and down, this way, — but a camel is just the opposite. He makes you bob forward and back and you get a kind of twist in the middle that makes you just *sure* you are going to be pitched right off every step he takes. But I did n't fall off at all, but I bit my tongue because he made my teeth shake together.

“Now what do you suppose Mr. Lorrillard did to get square while I was away? Oh, it was *very* funny. He told the big

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chief to scare me a little bit, and then he hid because he knew I had no money to pay for my ride. Well, the chief just held out his hand for my money and he had a big sword behind his back.

"I looked around for Melbert and Mr. Lorillard, but of course I could n't find them, and told the man that Mr. Lorillard would pay him when he came. O—h, did n't he look savage! He ground his teeth and shook, and waved his sword as though he was real mad, and said he would have to chop me all up into sausages for his camels to eat. But I knew that camels did n't eat sausages, and I told him so.

" 'All right,' he said, 'then I'll give you to my elephant.'

"I told him that elephants ate hay and peanuts, and would n't know what a sausage was.

" 'All right, then,' he said, 'I'll feed you to my lion.'

"Then I said, 'Oh, you need n't take the trouble to make me into sausages for your lion, for I think he would prefer me *au naturel*' (that's what M. Pierrot



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says for taking things raw, you know), and I winked at him to show that I was not afraid. And what do you suppose he did then? See this button that is n't here? Well, he has it. He took that sword and clipped it right off and put it in his pocket and said that he would sell it and get his money.

"I told him I did n't care and he could just help himself because I liked to see that sharp sword cut things. 'All right,' he said, 'you watch.' *Then*, what do you suppose he did? He put a piece of tissue paper on the sword and gave the sword a little jerk and the tissue paper was cut right clean in halves. Now must n't that sword have been sharp? Don't you think so? Mr. Lorrillard said so, anyway, for he came up then and gave the man fifty cents, although I told him not to because the man had a button of mine he could sell; and anyway, the camel ride was only ten cents. But it was too late. He had already done it, so he could n't take back his money. Was n't that too bad, for, you know, we could

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have had five rides down the shutes for that fifty cents.

"I often wonder, anyway, why men give people a lot more money than they charge for things. I think it's silly, because think of the rides on things, and the candy and base-balls you could buy with that money that you did n't really have to spend at all. But anyway, it did n't make any difference. We had all the rides we wished and did all we *could* do in one afternoon.

"We went down in the coal-mine, and through the submarine railroad. We rode the ponies, the real live ponies, and the wooden ones that go around the merry-go-round while an organ plays; we tilted on the see-saw till we got ourselves so dizzy we could n't see; we went around in the Ferris Wheel, and say! that was terribly exciting because you are up so high. It makes you feel just like going up in a balloon. Now I wonder why they did n't have a balloon there? Don't you think they should? Perhaps they are afraid some one would stick a pin in it



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and bust it or something like that, otherwise they would have one, don't you think so? I think so, because there is n't another thing that's queer that they have n't got, and *I* think they must pay people to keep thinking of things to put in there. I tell you what I think is the queerest thing there, — the house upside down. Nothing *could* be queerer than that because — well, because that's awfully queer, you know. The house is standing on its roof, and you go in the attic first, and the beds are over your head on the ceiling, which is the floor, of course, and the servants are in their beds without falling out at all. Even their boots under the beds are upside down, and their clothing is on the chairs, and you feel all the time as though they would all fall down on you. And that is the way the whole house is. The dining-room has a table all spread and salad on it ready to eat and chairs all around it — and that is all over your head on the ceiling upside down.

“The queerest part of it is that a waiter walks in and puts something else on the

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table, and he is upside down also. That surprised me because I thought all those things were nailed or glued up there. Now how do you suppose they did it? I'll tell you. They had mirrors fixed slanting in such a way that they reflected things on the floor of the next room on to the ceiling of the one you were in. So you see how simple that is, don't you? All the ceilings are mirrors and they won't let you into the next room, where the things are right side up.

"You know they *could n't* nail things upside down, anyhow, for the bathtub in the bathroom is half full of water, and of course they could n't nail that in, *could* they?"

"You certainly *ought* to see that. Would n't you like to have me take you down there next Saturday and show you all the things you missed?"

"Well, all right, I will; and shall Melbert go too? Goody! Oh, but let me see. I only have thirty-five cents and it cost five dollars and a little more last time.



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"Don't you think we better go over in your automobile and save car-fare, so we can have some fun with the thirty-five cents? Oh, no, thank you; it's my treat because I invited you and I won't let you pay for it. But I'll tell you what you *could* do — yes — that would be a good scheme, because we really could n't have much fun with thirty-five cents; you could put five dollars with my money, and I could give it back to you when I'm a man and have lots of money. How do you like that?

"All right, then; be here sure at two o'clock, won't you? — oh, no; that will be too late, be here at *one*.

"Very well, then, we will be ready. Come to think of it, why don't you come at twelve instead; take lunch with us, and then skip? Will you? Goody! Then, so long as I have the money, let's go in the cars; it's more fun. Oh, won't Melbert be just *crazy* when I tell him! Oh, Mary is calling — I'll have to go to bed. Do you know how I know it's bed-time? See that white star that is nearly

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overhead now? Well, that's Vega. In the summer time I go to bed by Vega and in the winter by Capella. Didn't you notice how I've been watching Vega this last half-hour? I *knew* Mary would holler for me soon. Well, good-night, and thank you for coming — but — oh, won't you come in the morning and make a full day of it? Oh, do. You *will*? Oh, that's just bully — don't forget — good-night."



